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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

MORE ABOUT THE TURKS

COLONEL REPINGTON fancies that the French in Cilicia may not enjoy indefinite immunity from Turkish aggression, in spite of the aid and comfort they have given the Kemalists. He says: —

The policy of the Kemalists and their Bolshevist allies is to oust the Western nations from all the ground which they hold or claim in Asia Minor; and neither Syria, Palestine, nor Mesopotamia is excluded from their ambitious plans, which plans, moreover, do not stop at these points by any means. We have evidently to deal with a better-equipped Turkish Army than that which Kemal had in 1919.

Almost simultaneously a Busrah correspondent of the *Times* reports that British and Indian troops and Arab levies are already fighting on the North Mesopotamia frontier, in an endeavor to stem the incursions of Turkish bands from South and Central Kurdistan. These forces have already been compelled to evacuate two border districts and retire to a stronger line of defense. Although no positive evidence exists that the Angora Government has ordered or expressly countenances these incursions, the recent successes of Mustafa Kemal, who is known in Mohammedan Asia as the 'Sword of Islam,' will naturally encourage further aggressions. During the British retirement airplanes were used to remove white officials and their families from the evacuated region.

During the World War the Turks maintained on a war footing, at the time their army was at its maximum strength, 2,150,000 men. Their loss in killed was 325,000 and in wounded, prisoners, and deserters, something over 1,500,000, their army at the time of the Armistice being reduced to 560,000 soldiers. These troops were drawn from a territory much larger than that from which the Kemalists secure their recruits. Excluding Thrace, Turkey has lost between 300,000 and 400,000 square miles of territory, much of which is inhabited by Arabs who have been lukewarm or hostile toward the nationalist aspirations of the Turks.

An Italian journalist thus describes in *La Stampa* a session of the Kemalist Parliament, where a topic not unfamiliar to Americans was being debated: —

A bill was before the house to prohibit the use of alcoholic liquors in Anatolia. Every one of the ninety-five deputies, without a single exception, was in his seat. Mazzar Bey took the floor. He laid stress upon the enormous sacrifices that the people must make to support the army. There would be a deficit of several million Turkish

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pounds, for which Parliament must provide. Deputies had argued that the abuse of alcoholic beverages was undermining the vitality of the nation. On the other hand, the tax upon spirituous liquors provided the Treasury of Mustafa Kemal with the considerable sum of a million and a half Turkish pounds annually. Therefore the bill should be laid on the table. A deputy interrupted to point out that the territories where there was the most drinking were not in possession of the Kemalist forces, whereupon the whole Chamber instantly rose to declare that these territories would be recovered, *inshalla* — that is, if Allah wills.

The spread of the essentially Western idea of nationalism among Eastern peoples — who, being unaccustomed to it, are led to force the spirit of nationhood to the extreme length of massacre — is the true cause of the continued strife in the Near East, in the eyes of Professor J. Arnold Toynbee.

Professor Toynbee holds the chair of Byzantine and Modern Greek Language, Literature, and History in the University of London, and has traveled extensively in Greece, old Turkey, and Anatolia, where he served in 1921 as special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*. He presents the evidence for his ideas in his new book, *The Western Question in Greece and Turkey*, recently noticed in the *Living Age*. The evidence itself is bloody — the hideous series of murders and massacres, sometimes spontaneous, sometimes deliberately organized, that have gone on since 1895 and even before. He reminds us that, although some Englishmen (and, it might be said, Americans as well) believe only in Greek atrocities, others only in Bulgarian, and the vast majority only in Turkish, the truth is that all three have been guilty when there was opportunity or provocation. The Turks — with the largest subject population and hence the greatest opportunity — are, to be sure, the worst offenders.

In England the complaint is offered that the author makes too light of the stimulus given to the quarrels of the Near Eastern states by the jealousies and rivalries of the Great Powers. Austria, one of the worst offenders in this respect, is no longer in the field; and Soviet Russia, though a useful ally of the Turks, has far too many difficulties at home to be able to make so much trouble as Tsarist Russia. Recent events, however, indicate all too clearly that England and France, which have always had Near Eastern interests, are taking the places of the old offenders.

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THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

THE Marquis of Salisbury, who has been chosen leader of the so-called Die-Hards, or free Conservative Party, has recently issued two statements of his Party's programme. Most of the planks resemble those laudable but noncontentious political generalizations with which we are familiar in this country: a stable foreign policy, imperial trade promotion, strict economy, lower taxes, encouragement of private enterprise, reasonably progressive legislation but on cautious and well-assured lines, an effective House of Lords, and endorsement and support of the Treaty with Ireland, provided that the spirit of the Treaty is carried out on both sides and order is restored in that unhappy country.

In his second statement Lord Salisbury adds two points to his earlier programme: 'a labor policy careful and conciliatory, directed to recognize the status of the worker and to protect his political and industrial freedom, from whichever direction it may be attacked, but without disturbing the confidence of capital'; and 'we must have adequate armed forces of the Crown to defend what is vital to us.'

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It is perhaps an admission of the hopelessness of obtaining a future Conservative majority that Lord Salisbury expresses a willingness to coöperate 'with other sections of opinion' to secure the Party's ends. Indeed, some political speculators believe that this foreshadows a coming alliance with the Liberals under Lord Grey.

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POLAND AND RUSSIA

THE Polish weekly, *Epoka*, after reviewing Count Witte's memoirs, concludes: —

There is no practical difference between the imperialism of the Tsars and the imperialism of the Bolsheviki; there is, indeed, a difference of ideals, but both are equally dangerous for Poland and for the whole world. The Tsarist imperialism grew and waxed great on the ruins of neighboring peoples who were too weak or too disorganized to resist it. Let us hope that these oppressed nations have taken to heart the lessons of their own history and will bear in mind how insecure they are under the menace of Russian imperialism, even in its new guise.

In another article, the same weekly argues that Poland should cultivate the friendship of France and England, refuse any overtures she may receive from either Germany or Russia, and prevent a possible alliance between these two countries. Since it is to the present weakness of Russia and Germany that Poland owes her very existence as an independent state, it would be folly for her to help those countries recover their former power. She must, to be sure, establish a modus vivendi with them.

But Poland is a lamb between these two wolves, whose ideas of justice would permit them to rend and devour her. Therefore the only modus vivendi conceivable from the point of view of the lamb is to pull the teeth of the neighboring wolves. Lambs are generally unable to perform such feats unless aided by strong and friendly hands. Either France or England may lend that aid. . . . Any other policy would be a rash and venturesome political experiment.

It is doubtful if any other Government in Russia would be more friendly to Poland or more tolerant of her political aspirations than the Bolsheviki.

Volia Rossii, the Prague organ of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, the most powerfully organized opposition to the present Russian Government among the Russian people themselves, denounces Poland's treatment of the inhabitants of her recently annexed eastern provinces. The population of these territories is overwhelmingly White Russian. This journal thus describes some of the conditions existing there: —

The number of schools in White Russia is twenty-nine, for a population of nearly four and a half millions. Some 320 schools in the Grodno and Vilno Governments have been closed and their 500 teachers sent off to Krakow to study Polish. Any teacher who refused to go, landed in prison. Even reading a book or a newspaper in the White Russian language is punishable by imprisonment. No less than ten thousands of White Russians are now incarcerated by the Polish Government for this and similar offenses. Freedom of the press and religious freedom have been abolished. The Orthodox churches are either in ruins or in the possession of Polish officials without whose permission they cannot be opened either for purposes of worship or for marriage or funeral rites. The Polish Government appoints the bishops of the Orthodox Church, who thus become its servants. Even Roman Catholics who are White Russians are forbidden to have their own priests or to use their own language in the service. People must be not only Roman Catholics but Polish Catholics. Government relief is given only to persons who can pass an examination in the Polish language and who declare in writing that they approve the annexation of White Russia to Poland. Polish army officers and officials often flog

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White Russians and insult their religion and their patriotism. The country is being stripped of its forest wealth, and Polish settlers are being artificially colonized upon its soil.

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN UNION AND ITS NEIGHBORS

THE proposed admission of Southern Rhodesia to the South African Union, the provisional terms for which were agreed upon some time ago, is to be decided by a referendum in the former Province, to be taken on October 10. The voters, including women and natives, number some 14,000, practically all of whom are whites, the franchise being limited to 'civilized persons,' though without discrimination as to color. Since the Rhodesians are as intensely British as the neighboring Free Staters are intensely Boer, the outcome of the voting is by no means certain. If South Rhodesia fails to join the Union, it will be largely because its people distrust the political plans of their neighbors, who they fancy are plotting eventual secession from the British Empire. By joining the Union, however, the Rhodesians would decidedly strengthen the British loyalist element, especially since under the Federal Constitution their influence in the Union Parliament would be relatively greater than their numbers.

Simultaneously a romantic little republic of some 5000 half-caste Christian burghers, adjoining the territories of the Union on the West, is engaging the attention of that Government. During the war a certain Hermandos Van Wyk, with a little army of 2000 men, who had settled in territories that the Germans later claimed were part of their colony of Southwest Africa, successfully defied the Kaiser's forces until rescued by British troops. Previously the independence of this so-called 'Republic of Rehoboth' had been formally recognized by Germany, in a treaty that declared its citizens to be British subjects, with their own Parliament, laws, and civil service. Now, these people are protesting against the efforts of the South African Government to limit their political rights; and it is rumored that they will appeal to either the League of Nations or the International Court of Justice to protect their status as an independent nation.

This little state was founded about fifty years ago by half-castes of mixed Boer and native descent, who trekked westward from the Boer settlements because they could not live peaceably with the Dutch. Ultimately they reached and colonized a land four hundred miles from any white man, except representatives of the London Missionary Society who had Christianized them.

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JAPANESE POLICE ACTIVITIES

SOME little stir has been occasioned in Japan by the activities of the Kobe police, who have suddenly taken it upon themselves to conduct a campaign against foreigners, under the assumption that many of these are foreign spies in the guise of tourists. The campaign started with the deportation of a Russian named Koslav, who was sent away because he was alleged to be a purveyor of 'dangerous thoughts.' One of the principal counts against him seems to have been that he occasionally wrote for the New York *Nation;* but it appears that the defendant was not allowed to know the charges against him. Perhaps a more serious phase of the incident is the inspired statement issued by the police to the effect that tourists are potentially dangerous. This, as the *Herald of Asia* well observes, is likely 'to build up hatred and distrust of all foreigners.'

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The Tokyo Metropolitan police have served deportation orders upon some 2500 Chinese laborers in that city, for the alleged reason that they entered Japan with passports issued them as merchants. According to *Kokumin*, they are 'a menace to Japanese labor interests.' It seems that the Chinamen, upon their arrival, peddled umbrellas at prices so cheap that they threatened the livelihood of Japanese manufacturers. Some of them threw off this disguise and became plain laborers.

It is further charged that the newcomers exercise a demoralizing influence, owing to their disregard for sanitation and cleanliness. One Japanese journal comments: 'The last-mentioned difficulty might be solved quite easily by placing the unsanitary Chinamen in the alleys near the business centre of Tokyo, or even installing them in some of our public buildings, which they could surely make no filthier than they are, and in which they would certainly feel themselves at home.' The severity of the order was mitigated by the permission given to those laborers who were without money for traveling expenses to remain in Japan until they could procure funds to pay their passage home. *Kokumin* observes: 'If Japan's intention is to adhere to her present policy of deporting Chinese laborers, she must put up with the exclusion of Japanese labor in America without a murmur.'

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THE STINNES DEAL

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Morning Post* reports that the first check drawn by the German Government in connection with Reparations payments in kind was received by the French Minister for the Liberated Regions early in September. A German corporation, the Aktiengesellschaft für Hoch- und Tiefbau, which is controlled by Hugo Stinnes, is making large deliveries of materials provided for under the new agreement for the reconstruction of the devastated region. This company is to receive as its remuneration 6 per cent of the purchase price in Germany. France releases sufficient coal, from the amount which must be furnished her monthly by Germany, to enable the company and its subcontractors to manufacture the quantities of cement, brick, lime, and tiles required. All materials so delivered benefit from the minimum French customs-tariff.

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GERMANY'S STRUGGLING PRESS

HIGH wages, the exorbitant cost of paper, heavy taxes, especially upon advertisements, and the pecuniary distress of the middle classes, who formerly were the principal patrons of the better class of journals, are causing a heavy mortality among German newspapers. During a single month last summer 140 newspapers and periodicals went out of existence. Newspaper fusions, and the centralization of press control in the hands of a few wealthy owners, are a natural result, deeply deplored by those who believe that an independent press is a palladium of liberty.

The most notable recent disappearance is that of the *Tägliche Rundschau*, a Berlin daily founded forty years ago, which maintained perhaps the highest literary standards and had the most cultivated circle of readers of any newspaper in Germany. It was a favorite journal in academic circles, among the clergy, and in the homes of the higher class of officials and army officers. Politically it was classed as Liberal-Conservative. Now the paper has been purchased by Hugo Stinnes, and has been combined with the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. The Stinnes Press has

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followed the example of the *Lokal Anzeiger* and *Der Tag*, and issues two journals with identical contents and typographical make-up under the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and *Tägliche Rundschau* titles.

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ARMENIA'S PROTEST

Djagadamard, an Armenian nationalist daily of Constantinople, made the late Reparations crisis the occasion to call attention to Armenia's claim for compensation for her war losses.

Her population has been wiped out, her homes and factories and business houses ruined, her sacred places and memorials of the past destroyed; and this was done with weapons supplied by Germany. Go if you will to the plains of Moosh and view the ruins of the Monastery of St. Garabed, whose foundations are almost coeval with the Christian era. Visit the Monastery of the Apostles, and you will see that its massive walls and chapels have been blown up by modern bombs. . . . Do the Allies feel no duty incumbent upon them to protect the rights and interests of their little Ally with the same firmness and the same special measures they have recently adopted toward Germany? Who will present and collect Armenia's Reparations bill, and when?

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MINOR NOTES

A CHINESE authority, Professor Yuen-ting Yeh, of Nanking University, contributes an article to the *Weekly Review* of Shanghai upon Chinese cotton-production. That country's cotton belt is very wide, extending from 18 degrees to 43 degrees north latitude. The so-called 'loess' soil is remarkably suitable for this plant, and labor is cheap. Several societies have been organized of late to promote better methods of cultivation, to acclimatize the best varieties of cotton grown in other countries, to combat the pink boll-worm and the club-leaf disease, which are the principal enemies of cotton in China, and to improve the general economic status of Chinese cotton-growers. A union of cotton experiment-stations is being formed to standardize results and to prevent unnecessary duplication of experiments. Farmers who have followed the procedure recommended by these societies and experimental stations have raised an average crop of about 1200 pounds of seed cotton per acre, or decidedly more than the average in the United States.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA is in the throes of a violent political controversy over the proposed repeal of the Compulsory Arbitration Act adopted two years ago. The Premier, who is anti-Labor, believes the Act was a mistake and has forced wages above their legitimate economic level. The workers are holding parades and adopting resolutions declaring that the object of this agitation is to reduce wages and the standard of living. Prior to the adoption of compulsory arbitration, South Australia had a system of minimum-wage boards similar to those originally introduced in the neighboring state of Victoria.

LAST summer the best pork cost eight cents a pound in American currency, and beef six to seven cents a pound at the abattoirs in Buenos Aires. In the interior of the country, where the great grazing ranches lie, beef on the hoof often sells for less than two cents a pound, and cattle are sometimes given to the butcher on the condition that he shall return the hide to the owner. In fact, some districts are said to be so overstocked that cattle are dying for lack of fodder. This crisis of overproduction and low prices in the grazing industry has been acute for more than a year.

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THE LAST ANGLO-FRENCH CRISIS

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

From the *Times*, *August* 28
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

DISHEARTENING indeed is the present European situation to those who have striven to bring France and Great Britain into accord on a reasonable Reparations policy before it is too late. To-day the prospect is blacker than ever; but if one is to preserve one's belief in the ultimate sanity of mankind, it is necessary to hope that the two Channel countries will endeavor once more to adjust their differences.

Caught in the swift quotidian whirl of events, French feeling has undergone another change. This time it is for the worse. There is an implacable irony in international politics which brings us in sight of solutions only to drive us farther away than ever. A month ago the outlook was more promising than it had been for years. A month ago France had adopted precisely the general view about German payments that England had been unofficially urging for some time.

The revolution in French thought was tremendous. Let it be remembered that M. Poincaré came into office in January last in order to stop the continual amputation of French credits on Germany. Let it be remembered that French writers, almost without exception, not only urged that the total of the indemnity established in May last year — a total of 132 billion gold marks (£6,600,000,000) — should not be further reduced, but were full of reproaches directed, in effect if not always nominally, against the long series of French Prime Ministers responsible for the gradual abandonment of French claims. Starting with M. Clemenceau, who was alleged to have surrendered French rights, the critics did not spare M. Millerand, now President of the Republic, for having yielded to the British in Conferences at San Remo and at Spa. They accused M. Leygues of weakness, while in some quarters M. Briand was, in the exuberant French fashion, treated almost as a traitor for his alleged leniency toward Germany.

If it is borne in mind that M. Poincaré came in on a wave of indignation at the methods of his predecessors, and announced his determination not to permit any further attacks on the infrangible 132 billion gold marks which represented the Allied demand finally fixed nearly three years after the Armistice, there will be a proper appreciation of the immense and thorough character of France's conversion when M. Poincaré consented, as a result of less than six months' practical experience of the problem, to reduce the German debt to fifty billion gold marks (£2,500,000,000).

I will not stay to discuss whether the search for financial salvation was too late, nor will I discuss whether even this extraordinary rebate of eighty-two billions is in present circumstances sufficient. There are sound authorities who are now inclined to say that, although a debt of fifty billion gold marks was a burden which could have been borne by Germany had she not been weakened by the heavier burden which she has carried, it is now of little importance whether the debt is regarded

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as one of 132 billions or as one of fifty billions, since both sums have become equally impossible. I neither accept nor reject this expert contention. It is probable that, following what has become the customary order of things, political thought is panting in the rear of events, and that whenever we reach a certain stage events have gone on ahead.

But the point is that the French, in preparing their plan which at one swoop wiped off three fifths of the German liabilities, showed evidence of a change of spirit that should not have been ignored, that should have been encouraged, and that might have led to a complete solution of the great European problem. Whether fifty billions are too much or too little to exact from Germany, this amount, arrived at without pressure from Great Britain, would have served as the basis of negotiations, would have given the experts solid footing, and would have revolutionized the relations of the countries of the Continent.

Alas! the perversity of politics lost no time in wrecking this fair promise of better things. When a settlement was so near, it was the British, who had worked hard for a settlement, who wrecked the chance. The wheel turned once more, and it must be confessed that at present the prospect is dismal.

It is not surprising that the French people — for let there be no mistake about it: it is the French people even more than the French Government who are angry at this unexpected rebuff — should now harden their hearts. It is not surprising that there should be this talk of separation from England, this talk of invading, if not militarily, at any rate economically, the Ruhr, of seizing the German forests, of putting such pressure on Germany that the disruption of the Reich, the collapse of Central Europe, become definite possibilities.

In France it is found difficult to understand the attitude of Great Britain. What has become loosely known as the Keynes school of thought is supposed to have won its way in England, and the policy of moderation was thought to have prevailed, without therefore implying any hostility toward France. France for very special reasons had resisted for a long time the growing conviction of economists that the recovery of huge debts by one country from another was, if not impossible, at least exceedingly difficult. Only recently has France, a country of fundamental good sense, where the logic of realities is bound to triumph, adopted a thesis that was understood to be the British thesis.

France had resented the suspicion that she was being towed in the wake of British policy. She was jealous of her independence. But suddenly, without coercion, under the sole force of facts, she presented on her own responsibility a scheme of all-round cancellation. It was not unreasonable that, as the price of the cancellation of a portion of the German debt, which France had been taught by Great Britain and by British Ministers to regard as collectable, France should ask the cancellation of her own debts toward Great Britain, as she would have cancelled the debts of her Allies toward her. It was not unreasonable, in view of the devastation of France, which had served as the battlefield of the contending armies, that France should demand a priority in Reparations. The moment seemed propitious. Europe was surely saved. There had been loud declarations of the desire of England to obtain at long last true peace at almost any price.

What evil genius then prompted the publication of the Balfour Note at this auspicious hour when a general understanding seemed inevitable? The effect

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of the British change of front has had consequences which cannot be exaggerated. This single action at this critical juncture may prove to be the fatal blow that turned the certain victory of European civilization into defeat and disaster. To the French mind it is inexplicable that such discouragement of good intentions and courageous sacrifices should have come from Great Britain. That M. Poincaré did not rise to the height of his opportunity, that he did not boldly confront England with the dilemma of accepting his offer or of taking the responsibility for the catastrophe which now threatens, is not to be denied. But at least it should be said that the Poincaré plan, which was not ungenerous, which was a tremendous advance and the first positive proposal for the reconstruction of a shattered Europe, was adequately advertised in the newspapers.

What happened in London was certain to have the most formidable consequences. The total breakdown of the Conference was the worst failure on record. The whole temper of France has been strangely altered. We are witnessing a reversion to the old intransigeance. France is becoming stiff-necked and desperate. Nobody wanted a break with England. Nobody wanted a policy of mere sanctions. Nobody wanted a destructive tightening of the screw for its own sake. But with the closing of the path of mutual accommodation, with the apparent indifference of England to French needs and to the French desire for a large compromise, the feeling in France is that the most sympathetic victim of the war is compelled to turn somewhat savagely on the author of her ruin.

For be it noted that, although France has been unhappy and maladroit in the presentation of her case, it was sufficiently well known to make it inconceivable that a torrent of abuse should have been turned upon her precisely when she was making a genuine attempt to reconcile her policy with the supposed policy of England, unless it were so turned with deliberation. Never have so many ill-natured and ill-informed comments been made about France as in the days when she was prepared to accept anything within reason. The conviction is forced upon her that this is not a mere misunderstanding, but a resolve to have done with her. She suspects that she is deserted with malice aforethought, repulsed and reproached when she was making herself most ingratiating.

French taxation is critized without knowledge. Her airplanes and her submarines are represented as weapons directed against England. Her ravaged regions are spoken of as the scandal of Northern France; they no longer arouse sympathy, but are declared to be a disgrace. The curious synchronization of these attacks with the offer of a settlement cannot escape unnoticed.

My conclusion, based upon an intimate knowledge of what France is thinking, is that France may now march in the most undesirable direction, and that it behooves Great Britain to put forward, without loss of time, further proposals of the kind which France would have accepted a month ago and which she will still accept if Great Britain redeems her errors and gives a generous lead.

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GREEK IMPERIALISM AND SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF

BY J. T. WALTON NEWBOLD

From the *Labor Monthly, September*
(London Radical International Labor Review)

I do not want to mention names, but there is one name that I shall mention, because I have spoken of it at various times in the House, and I want on this occasion to get rid of it for good and all; and that is the name of a very great financier, who is reputed to be the richest man in the world — Sir Basil Zaharoff. Let me say that I do not know that gentleman, but let me give briefly the rumors I have heard about him. He is, first of all, reputed to be a very great philanthropist, a very great educationist, a great patron of the arts, and a man who spends his money generously. It is, secondly, generally said that his very great wealth is derived from this source: that he has owned munition factories in many countries of the world, and that consequently war has been an extremely profitable industry to him. There is no more profitable way of making money, I imagine, than owning munition factories in countries hostile to each other. If you own Vickers — and he is reputed to own a great number of shares in Vickers — and if you own Krupps, whether Germany be beaten or whether England be defeated, the fortunate possessor of those shares may be quite certain of making a very handsome profit. Again, it is said that Sir Basil Zaharoff helped us a great deal in the war by giving us loans. I am quite prepared to believe that, but if it were the case why not say that that was the reason for his decoration? Again, this is said about him, and this I believe to be a fact: he has been one of the strong supporters of the Greek policy. The result of that Greek policy has been that the whole of the East is in chaos, and that Great Britain has made enemies throughout the entire East. Sir Basil Zaharoff is reputed to have paid £4,000,000 sterling out of his own pocket for the upkeep of the Greek invading force in Asia Minor. — Lieut.-Colonel Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M. P., House of Commons, *July* 17, 1922.

The reports and rumors that have been current in the press lately on the subject of the activities and aspirations of the Greek Government make an examination of the factors in the complex equation of Hellenic imperialism particularly important at this juncture.

Statements have been made, on more or less accurate and adequate information, as to the intention of King Constantine and his advisers to push forward their claims to Constantinople by force of arms and, by a dramatic and highly dangerous advance upon the age-long goal of Greek nationalist ambition, to present the Powers with a fait accompli. The British and the French Governments, with equal apparent emphasis, but with a real determination on the part of the former by no means so great as that which inspires the latter, have threatened the Greeks with pains and penalties should they take so rash a step as to assault the lines of Chatalja and try to enter the Turkish capital. The British authorities have ordered warships to the Bosporus, and sent up two further battalions of soldiers from Malta to strengthen the garrison in occupation at the Straits.

At the same time, however, the French press has been insinuating that the British Government, for all its verbal protests and its movements of men and ships, is not altogether ill-disposed

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to the gestures of the Greeks. Certainly it is ominous that, on the eve of renewed conversations between the British and French Governments on the problems of the Near East, the Greeks, who are the inveterate enemies of France's protégés and debtors, the Ottoman Turks, should have moved toward the Straits reënforcements such as the British Government, in its present mood of economy, could not have provided to strengthen the arm of its diplomacy. It is yet more ominous that Smyrna should have been proclaimed a 'free state.'

There is something big happening behind the veil of obscurity that is drawn across the East.

During the last few weeks there have been three interesting disclosures, two in the financial press and the other in Parliament, concerning valuable concessions in the Near East granted to British capitalists. The first of these concerned an important concession for industrial developments in Rumania, recently secured by the Paris representative of Messrs. Vickers — Sir Basil Zaharoff. The second was relative to a very valuable concession granted to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company to exploit petroleum wells in Greek Macedonia. The third was brought to light by Mr. C. L'E. Malone, who drew from the Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Harmsworth, the admission that some time ago the great firm of public-works contractors, Sir Robert MacAlpine and Sons, had obtained a concession to erect extensive harbor-works at the Piræus. Mr. Malone was not equally successful in getting confirmation of what is, however, generally credited throughout the East, namely, that the same firm has received even more valuable favors from King Constantine's Government in and around the 'free' town of Smyrna.

Now at the present time the Standard Oil Company is the only petroleum-vending firm to have a jetty for bunkering purposes and oil tanks of any size or consequence in Near Eastern waters, and these are situated in the neighborhood of Smyrna.

It is evident that the Anglo-Persian Company, which in the Near East operates, at any rate on the distributive side, in conjunction with Sir Basil Zaharoff, is preparing to dispute with its American rival the market which the latter at present controls. Sir Robert MacAlpine and Sons have regularly been contractors on works for either the Anglo-Persian Oil Company or for the subsidiaries and associates of Vickers Ltd. These three concerns, together with the Marconi interests, form a group generally to be found acting in conjunction.

Hence what we are witnessing on the economic plane is another vigorous offensive which, appropriately, has its counterpart in the realms of Greek imperialism and of British diplomacy.

We say, advisedly, another vigorous offensive, because scarcely had the armistice become effective in the Near East than two British capitalist institutions made their way — the one to Constantinople and the other to Athens. The British Trade Corporation, a State constituted and chartered bank, took over the National Bank of Turkey and established the Levant Company to develop trade throughout the Near East. The Federation of British Industries, which had fathered the British Trade Corporation on the Government, appointed its first trade commissioner, significantly enough, to Athens, where his address was given as c/o H. M. Embassy.

The Federation of British Industries was in its initiation very largely the creation of Vickers Ltd. Now during the war there came more and more into the foreground a great magnate, a great

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entrepreneur, emerging mysteriously out of nowhere in particular, or at least from nowhere that anyone could accurately divine — the Paris representative of Vickers Ltd. The world of high finance and of high politics became conscious of the all-powerful influence of Sir Basil Zaharoff.

Sir Basil Zaharoff was a Greek. There is doubt as to whether he had always been of Greek nationality. Some reports make him out to have been a Russian; others an Armenian. Finally, everyone agrees, he became a Greek, and to-day he is resident in France and holds an English title. Most people think of him as being the man behind Vickers Ltd. They think of him as the master of millions. But adventurers, like Zaharoff, however distinguished and however accomplished, do not accumulate such vast credits and such immeasurable resources as he has brought to the service of Vickers and their associates.

Zaharoff is operating with an immense fortune. It is not, however, or at any rate was not, Zaharoff's fortune. It was the fortune of a great mercantile family of Greek extraction, for whom Zaharoff has been the nominee and the agent. Zaharoff, in this the heyday of Greek mercantile capitalist achievement, is merely the visible, but not too visible, operator on behalf of interests which through many decades have been moulding in secret the diplomacy of the Powers, with a view to their own enthronement as the unquestioned masters of the whole of the Near and Middle East.

During a whole century there has been passing through its various stages of development a nationalist movement which, beginning as an agitation for the emancipation of the Greeks from the domination of the Ottoman Empire, has now culminated in a formidable endeavor by the organized expression of the Greek bourgeoisie to bring into complete economic subjection all the peoples of the former Ottoman Empire. The problem of the Near East, which has been becoming ever more acute, has been one of reconciling the old order of the Ottoman State and the new and ever more ambitious Greek capitalist class, which has, now in one way and again in another, been striving to assert its liberty of action and, in the last resort, its own absolute dominion.

Through many vicissitudes and the most tortuous mazes of diplomacy and of war, the Greek capitalists have employed their ever-increasing economic power to obtain for themselves, if not under their own flag then under that of Russia, France, or Britain, the privileges which they have coveted. To-day, on the morrow of the World War, they see themselves, thanks to the collapse of Tsardom and the conflicting ambitions of Britain and France, about to enter into the fullness of their imperial heritage.

Prior to the year 1774, when, by the Treaty of Koutchouk-Kainardji, the Russians not only secured for themselves free passage of their merchandise through the Dardanelles, but also obtained for their Greek protégés the right of trading under the Russian flag, albeit they remained Ottoman subjects, the trade of Turkey was almost entirely in the hands of French and British members of the privileged Turkey and Levant companies. From that time onward the Greeks in the islands of the Archipelago and in the ports of the Ottoman Empire made enormous progress as merchants and as shipowners. Thanks to the wars between the great Powers between 1776 and 1784, and again between 1792 and 1815, the Greeks became the carriers of the Mediterranean.

'From the middle of the eighteenth to the beginning of the nineteenth

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centuries,' says Joannes Gennadius, in *Hellenism in England*, 'the commerce, enterprise, and general education of the Greek race took an extraordinary development. Greek ships, necessarily flying the Turkish flag, but owned and manned by Greeks, practically monopolized the trade of the Black Sea, the Ægean, and most of the Mediterranean. Odessa grew out of an originally humble establishment of Greek grain-traders, and Trieste was brought into commercial prominence by Greek merchants.'

Until the close of the Napoleonic wars, the Greeks, organized in trading and shipping associations at Chios, Psara, Odessa, and other centres, were careful to remain Turkish subjects under occasional, and when expedient, Russian patronage. When, however, they no longer required to avail themselves of Turkish neutrality, and had, moreover, accumulated immense profits in the grain and currant trades, the Greek merchants permitted the peasantry to bring the gathering revolt to a head. Before this occurred, however, the Rallis had betaken themselves to Leghorn and to London, and the Argentis to Marseilles, where of course they secured the protection of the Austrian, British, and French flags, and so became immune from loss by reason of the revolution or the ensuing war or wars between Greece and Turkey.

The trade and shipping of Italy was largely in Greek hands, and they had huge investments in Austrian loans. The great source of their revenues, however, increasingly was their virtual monopoly of the grain trade between the Black Sea and the growing industrial centres of Britain.

The Rallis, for instance, organized and secured complete control of the grain trade between Odessa and Liverpool. It is a noticeable fact that the greatest champion of Greek nationalism in the nineteenth century was Gladstone, himself the son of one of the greatest dealers in Baltic and Black Sea corn. Cobden, like Ricardo and others before him, frankly avowed and availed himself of the material basis of his phil-Hellenic and pro-Russian sympathies, that is, the exchange of calico for corn.

The Liberals, the cotton exporters and corn importers of the middle-nineteenth century, were the staunchest champions of Greek nationalism, and never rested until they had imposed an English constitution on Greece and given her a king to govern her in the interests of the Baltic Corn Exchange, that is, a scion of the Danish royal family.

Greece, from 1863 onward, was ruled in the interest of the Gladstones of Liverpool, the Hambros of Copenhagen, and the Rallis of Chios — all of them in the corn trade.

During the American Civil War, the Greek merchants went heavily into cotton in Egypt, and the Benachis, the Rallis, and the Rodocanachis began, and with success, to vie with the French for the mortgage, investment, and trading opportunities of the Nile Valley. Sir Ernest Cassel was a mere creature of the Greek cotton kings, as Cromer was a mere tool of Cassel.

The Greek corn and cotton merchants more generally operated from London, Liverpool, Antwerp, Frankfurt, and Marseilles. They seldom appeared in the picture as financiers, but extended their enormous available credits through such firms as Bischoffsheims, the Société Générale de Paris, the Banque de Paris, Frühling and Goshen, the Oppenheims, the D'Erlangers, and, later, Sir Ernest Cassel and his National Bank of Egypt. In the middle eighties the Greek traders, as cotton merchants, were concentrating on Egypt and, to some extent, on India;

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as corn merchants they were extremely heavily involved in India and in the Argentine.

These were also the years when Greece again secured admission to the charmed circle of the Powers who might borrow money on the Bourses. They were the years when she was represented simultaneously at London, The Hague, and Washington by J. Gennadius, who had received his financial education from, and ever retained the closest relations with, Ralli Brothers. They were the years when not only was Gennadius the most intimate friend of Edward, Prince of Wales, but when the wife of the Master of the Ceremonies at the English Court was a daughter of the Rallis. There were two great financiers, also intimates of the Prince of Wales, great friends of the Rallis, Sir Ernest Cassel and Baron Beaumont d'Erlanger. Cassel was the creditor of Egypt; D'Erlanger was the creditor of Greece.

The money power of the Greek merchants, even of those resident in and naturalized in London and Marseilles, was not, however, comparable as yet with that of the older generation of merchants and bankers who controlled the Imperial Ottoman Bank and who belonged to the great mercantile and railway oligarchies of France, Holland, and Britain. They could not as yet come out from under the banners of those three protecting Powers (Britain, France, and Russia) who guaranteed 'the independent monarchical and constitutional state' of the Hellenes, and avowedly pursue their aims under the flag of Greece. Economically and politically they realized their limitations during the Cretan revolt and the Turkish War in the nineties. Greece became more than ever a vassal to the lords of West European capitalism.

For a time the Greek bourgeoisie had to content itself with making sure of the great estate of Egypt, where, under British auspices and under British guise, they became the real rulers. They helped, far more than has yet been realized, to create the Entente Cordiale. They participated to an enormous extent in the capitalization of Russian resources and in the loans to the Tsardom which followed upon the 1905 revolution. It was they who helped to bring together Britain and Russia. It was they who were the interested parties scheming to possess and to enjoy, under one flag or another, and after new wars under their own flag, the territories of the Ottoman Empire.

It was no coincidence, but in the nature of things, that Venizelos, the hero of Crete and the friend of Zaharoff, himself the creature of the cotton and corn kings, came to power in Greece in 1910, and thereby initiated a policy that led up to the Balkan Wars, the Great War, and to the long foreseen and eventual mutual annihilation of the 'protecting Powers' in a war for the East.

Among the first acts of Venizelos was to create a Ministry of Agriculture, Commerce, and National Economy, and to install therein Emmanuel Benachi, director of the National Bank of Egypt and the greatest cotton-merchant in Alexandria.

Venizelos, thanks to his Balkan League, added Macedonia and a part of Thrace to the kingdom of Greece, thereby doubling its area. In 1915 and 1916 he labored to bring Greece into the Great War, having been offered by Grey territories behind Smyrna that would again double the area of the kingdom. True, Greece would have to cede a part of Macedonia to Bulgaria, but the latter was to buy out all Greek property therein. Venizelos was dismissed by his king, to depart for Crete and to reappear at Saloniki, there to be welcomed by General Sarrail.

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Venizelos was the protagonist of a Greek entente and alliance with France. He has gone. Constantine has returned. The Francophile advocate of a bourgeois republic has made way for the cousin of the King of England. Schneider-Creusot and the Banque de l'Union Parisienne have received a check. Vickers Ltd., the British Trade Corporation, and the Federation of British Industries are in the ascendant.

France, the holder of 70 per cent of the Turkish debts, is supporting the Turks and in touch with the Government at Angora. Britain favors the Greeks in their occupation of Smyrna and their advance into the hinterland to emancipate the peoples of Asia Minor, 'the granary of the Old World.'

If the British come out on top, the Benachis, Rallis, and Rodocanachis in London will be none the worse off. If the French come out triumphant, the Argentis, Rodocanachis, and Rallis of Marseilles will not lament.

If the French and British mutually annihilate each other, then, indeed, may the Greek bourgeoisie come into its own!

A CENTURY OF BRAZILIAN HISTORY

BY E. MONTARROYOS AND LOUIS GUILAINE

From *Revue de l'Amerique Latine, September* 1
(PARIS AMERICAN-AFFAIRS SEMIMONTHLY REVIEW)

LATE in the autumn of 1786 a young Brazilian medical student at Montpellier, José Joaquim da Maia, stood waiting for someone in the ruined Roman arena at Nîmes. He had an appointment to meet there an illustrious American, Thomas Jefferson, at that time Minister at Paris of the young and already powerful Republic of the United States. The two men had never previously met. Jefferson knew of Maia through two letters received from him shortly before. The object of their interview, had it been known, would have seemed to most of their contemporaries Utopian, the dream of a young enthusiast with an overheated imagination. It took a man of the vision and foresight of Jefferson to appreciate that such a dream might become a reality. The young student possessed no influence or position to recommend him to the great men of his time. He was unknown, poor, and of humble birth. His father was a mason, living in Ajuda Street, Rio de Janeiro, who was making heavy sacrifices to send his boy the modest sum of 120 milreis each year, which enabled him to pursue his studies abroad. The dream this young student had conceived was the independence of Brazil.

On October 2, 1786, this young man wrote to Jefferson from Montpellier, requesting him to suggest some channel through which he could make him an important communication. Jefferson complied. Maia thereupon wrote him another letter, requesting the aid of the United States in a revolution designed to emancipate Brazil from the yoke of Portugal. The letter ended with these words: 'It is for you to decide if my views are capable of reali-

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zation. If you wish to consult your Government, I am ready to place in your possession all the facts that you may ask of me.' Jefferson was then planning to spend his vacation at Aix. He wrote to Maia: 'I shall extend my trip to Nîmes on the pretext of visiting the ruins, and you can find me there.' The interview occurred. The information Maia gave impressed Jefferson, who hastened to communicate it in a confidential report to his Government. Maia had sketched with remarkable accuracy the situation in Brazil at that time. He said: —

Brazil has almost as many inhabitants as Portugal herself: that is, about three million, without including the savage natives of territories not yet explored. This population consists mainly of white men born in the country, who form the backbone of the nation, of Portuguese, of negro and mulatto slaves, and of civilized and uncivilized Indians. The Portuguese residents of Brazil, though numerous, offer no formidable obstacle to a revolution, and the slaves who constitute half of the population will side with their masters. The regular troops number some twenty thousand men. Originally they were all Portuguese, but local recruits have gradually worked into the army, until a majority are now Brazilians. The officers, part of whom are Portuguese and part natives of the country, are brave men familiar with military tactics, but know nothing of the science of war. They have no attachment for Portugal, and are disinclined to exert themselves vigorously in her behalf. The clergy have little political influence, and a nobility hardly exists. Many people know how to read, but there are practically no newspapers. The educated classes are eager for political independence. The people possess arms and are accustomed to use them. In spite of our advantages in a war of self-defense, it would be imprudent to risk an actual struggle without being certain of success. Spain, furthermore, would certainly join Portugal against us.

In a word, the whole country desires revolution, but no one desires to start it, and to lead it, because he fears that the people would not back up a leader to the end. That is why we need the aid of a powerful foreign Government. That is why Brazil turns to the United States. The people need artillery, ammunition, war vessels, sailors, and naval officers. They can pay well for these things, from the output of their gold mines and diamond mines alone. A revolution is possible immediately. In any case the separation of Brazil and Portugal is inevitable. Brazil is animated by a single thought: to become a self-governing nation with republican institutions modeled upon those of the United States.

Jefferson, who was a shrewd diplomat, told the young man that he had neither authority nor instructions from his Government to discuss such a project in behalf of the United States. He could speak merely as a private individual: —

The United States cannot engage in a war at this time. Furthermore, we desire the friendship of Portugal, with whom we have a profitable trade. However, a revolution in Brazil, if ably planned, would receive our sympathy: Many of our people could probably be induced to give such a movement assistance by the prospect of personal gain; and more noble sentiments would persuade many of our army officers, among whom there are excellent men, to offer their services. My fellow citizens are, as individuals, free to help any other country without specific permission from our Government, and are at complete liberty to go to any other country.

Maia understood. These words, guarded as they were for reasons of prudence, were intended to encourage a revolution. They expressed precisely the policy adopted by the United States toward all the Latin-American colonies. That policy could be summarized in a very few words: First, show that you are able to win your liberty, and we will aid you to preserve it if Europe again tries to subjugate you. The Monroe Doctrine was already incubating.

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Maia now knew how much he might expect from the United States, and took measures accordingly. He communicated the results of his interviews to his friends in Brazil. We are told that this report imparted new energy to the sub rosa independence movement already agitating that country.

The upper classes in Brazil now realized that if they were to make a successful revolution, and throw off the yoke of their mother country, it must be by their own efforts, in such a way as to win the confidence of the people of the United States and give them time to come to their assistance. That was what Maia proposed. In order to accomplish his designs, he left France and prepared to return to Brazil. But he never reached his destination. He died at Lisbon.

The Brazilian revolutionists, having lost their chief, found no one to replace him, or even to succeed him. The situation recalled Jefferson's clever remark when he was congratulated upon taking the place of Benjamin Franklin as the representative of the United States at Paris: 'He is a man whom another may succeed but cannot replace.'

However, the seed that Maia had sown did not fall on sterile ground. To his influence may be traced the conspiracy of Villa Rica in 1789, to give Brazil an independent republican government. But the conspirators were arrested and their leader was executed. Several revolts occurred at different times and places; but were easily suppressed because the nation had not yet learned to act together. What was called Brazil was at that time really a number of isolated settlements, whose mutual jealousies were sedulously encouraged by the Portuguese officials. Maia was the first to see that a successful revolt must be a united effort of the whole country. Only thus could he hope to interest the United States — something that he considered indispensable.

More than thirty years elapsed. João VI, King of Portugal, who, with his family and his court, had for thirteen years found refuge in Brazil from the armies of Napoleon, returned to Lisbon in 1821. During these thirteen years Rio de Janeiro had been the capital of the monarchy. The colony had in 1815 been elevated to the rank of a Kingdom, receiving thereby a sort of autonomy. The resident sovereign had centralized the administration and given the formerly scattered settlements a degree of unity hitherto unknown. He had also encouraged the economic progress of the country, opening its ports to the commerce of all nations. And when he left for Portugal he left his son, Prince Pedro, behind him as its Regent.

But the reactionary Parliament of Portugal decided to change all this. It decreed that Brazil should be divided into several distinct colonies, each one governed directly from the mother country, thus partitioning and destroying the infant kingdom. Prince Pedro was ordered to return to Portugal. But the young ruler, sympathizing with the indignation that this order produced in what had become almost his native land, replied to this order with the decisive word: *Fico* — 'I remain.' On October 12, 1822, he was acclaimed Emperor, as Dom Pedro I. The independence and unity of Brazil thereby became accomplished facts.

Two years later a liberal constitution, providing for a responsible parliamentary government, was adopted; and in 1825, after the complete failure of her military efforts to recover her former colony, Portugal recognized Brazil's independence.

In 1831, while the new government was still in its infancy, Dom Pedro I

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abdicated, in favor of his little son, then five years old, and returned to Portugal to assume the throne after the death of his father, King João VI. Little Prince Pedro, acclaimed constitutional monarch and perpetual defender of Brazil, under the title, Dom Pedro II, was Brazilian born. His mother had died a year before, and the death of his father in Portugal three years later left him an orphan. The statesmen who presided over the destinies of the country during his infancy and youth served loyally the cause of Brazilian liberty. None the less the Regency was a critical period, for secessionists, insubordinate army officers, and partisans of reaction constantly threatened domestic peace. For a time it seemed that the infant Empire might fall to pieces. But the Regents took energetic measures. The factious army was disbanded; and the Federalists and Republicans were mollified by wise concessions that gave the twenty ancient provinces the liberal local autonomy under their own legislatures that has remained a feature of Brazilian political institutions down to the present time.

During the reign of Dom Pedro II, whose majority was declared by Parliament in 1841, the people of the country were preoccupied with the great question of slavery, which was gradually abolished by a series of acts terminating in 1888. This reform encountered serious resistance from large estate-owners, and involved a complete reorganization of the political and economic institutions of the Empire. Legislation was enacted to encourage the immigration of free labor from Europe to Brazil, and to supply Government credit to finance industry under the new system.

While these labors of readjustment and reconstruction were under way, a wave of discontent swept through the army. Finally, on November 15, 1889, a group of Republicans took advantage of the Government's embarrassment to proclaim the abolition of the Monarchy. The Emperor and his Ministry were taken by surprise. Dom Pedro would permit no blood to be shed in his behalf, but bowed to the will of history and departed into exile with his family, leaving behind him a country that — during his reign of almost half a century — had grown from a colony into a firmly established autonomous democracy.

After the Republic had been proclaimed and the Emperor banished, a Provisional Government was set up pending the adoption of a new constitution, which went into force early in 1891. This instrument provided for a Federal Government modeled closely upon the constitution of which Jefferson, the first foreign sympathizer with Brazil's aspirations for independence, had been one of the chief architects. This constitution for the first time separated Church and State, and thus relieved the new authorities of a host of embarrassing problems that had troubled the peace of their predecessors.

However, the new Government has never entirely recovered from the unhappy military influences that presided over its birth. The interference of the army in civil affairs has remained a serious evil. As recently as last summer disaffected garrisons revolted and opened fire upon the capital. However, a great majority of the troops and the navy rallied to the support of the civil government, and the incipient revolution was suppressed within twenty-four hours.

This incident, it is generally believed, marks the closing of a political era. Military usurpation has been finally discredited. The civil power has made its authority felt against officers enjoying the prestige and authority con-

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ferred by high honors in the past and by close blood-ties with some of the most glorious names in Brazilian history.

It is indeed a happy omen that, on the eve of the centennial of Brazilian independence, the supremacy of the civil over the military arm of the Government has been thus triumphantly affirmed.

VISITING THE VICEROY

BY ARNOLDO CIPOLLA

From *La Stampa, August* 10
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

The Viceregal residence stands in a thick forest of conifers, on one of the highest summits of the Simla mountains. It is surrounded by an enchanting park, and its windows command a magnificent view of the icebound barrier of the Himalayas. For some eight months of the year the Viceroy lives in Simla. During that time this resort is the governmental centre of a vast Empire. The Viceroy, however, is not an arbitrary ruler. A Parliament representing English India, a Council of Princes representing the Native States, and an Executive Council of six members, three of whom are Englishmen and three natives, possess legislative and advisory authority. The Viceroy himself is the representative of the Sovereign, temporarily set over a country that is now ostensibly under constitutional government. While England has invited natives to share in the civil administration, she allows them — up to the present — no part in military affairs. The Indian Parliament has no control over appropriations for the army of 70,000 British and 150,000 native troops that maintains law and order throughout the vast territories inhabited by these 315 million people and defends their frontiers. War charges of one kind or another now amount to nearly 700 million rupees — between 300 and 400 million dollars in American currency. This is one half of the total budget, and the burden constitutes a principal grievance of the natives.

I attended a luncheon at the Viceregal Palace. A general and two or three high officials were present; but our party did not number altogether more than eight or nine, including the Viceroy's family. Although court etiquette is usually observed, I was received with cordial and simple friendliness.

Before the Viceroy arrived I spent half an hour in the salle d'armes, where I examined with interest a magnificent collection of lances, swords, helmets, and crossbows collected from native tribes beyond India's western frontier. A large corps of servants was in evidence. They constitute another grievance among the politically disaffected. We were served vermuth cocktails. Someone remarked that this year Kashmir is more popular as a summer resort than Simla. 'It is a marvelous place! A Switzerland multiplied by two, with lofty mountains, great glaciers, mighty

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waterfalls, and noble forests. In the same latitude as Damascus. Ah, you must see Kashmir!' I asked one of the attendants the purpose of a large throne, plated with gold and silver, adorned with ivory carvings, and surmounted by a canopy shaped like a pagoda. 'It is a rather remarkable howdah,' was the reply, 'which Lord and Lady Hardinge used when they made their solemn entry at Delhi upon an elephant. They miraculously escaped injury from a bomb thrown by some unknown person directly into the howdah. See, it still bears evidence of the explosion. The Hindu attendant standing immediately behind the Viceregal couple was killed. Some allege that he had the bomb in his pocket.'

'Did it injure the elephant?'

'No. That occurred in 1912.'

'So a Viceroy's job is a rather dangerous one?'

'Especially to-day.'

'Even here in Simla?'

'No, not here; at least we hope not. But the Viceroy pays no attention to his safety.'

Just then the Viceroy himself arrived. We guests gathered around a fire in a great open fireplace. It is a fancy of the English at Simla to keep a fire burning, in order to give themselves the illusion that the climate up here, at an altitude of nearly eight thousand feet, is really cool.

Lord Reading is a gentleman about sixty years old, with a remarkably keen and intelligent countenance, and the most winning manner in the world. He is of humble parentage. They say he was able to pursue his law studies only with the aid of funds loaned by a Jewish congregation in London. He has held his present office two years, accepting it at a time when no one cared to take it. Indeed, Lord Reading himself had no ambition to become Viceroy, for he previously held the highest judicial post in the British Empire, which, in these days at least, is greatly to be preferred to the task of governing India.

When Lord Reading landed at Bombay, the situation was truly intimidating. English prestige had vanished, and the natives, down to the most humble, had lost their traditional respect for Europeans. A humiliating treaty with Afghanistan had destroyed among the people their former reverence for British power, already seriously undermined during the war. For it is a curious fact that England's victory over Germany lowered rather than raised her military reputation in India. The masses had hitherto regarded Englishmen as all-powerful, and their respect was turned to something resembling contempt when they learned that their rulers had been forced to seek the aid of other nations to win a victory.

Consequently, Lord Reading found the country adrift from its moorings, Europeans an object of contempt or commiseration, travel insecure, and the hundred races, religions, and languages of the Peninsula, for the first time in its thousands of years of history, united in their hatred of the English. Gandhi's doctrines, his subtle propaganda of renunciation and ruin, — half mystical, half political, — had been inopportunely added to the discontent already seething among thousands of Indian laborers and troops just back from the war, to popular indignation at Britain's broken promises, to the fury of the Mohammedans who had suddenly become devoted to the cause of the Turks, and to hundreds of other disturbing and irritating conditions of which the principal were economic. Gandhi was everywhere, visiting all the principal cities, advocating coöperation of Hindus and Mohammedans; and was universally reverenced as a god, the god Gandhi, — *Gandhi Rag*, the incarna-

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tion of Siva, — sent down to earth to drive the last of the hated whites from the sacred soil of India, and to prove for all time the undisputed superiority of the Asiatics to the Europeans.

Who could say what India really was when the Montagu Bill, providing for the participation of the natives in the government, was promulgated? Who could hope to reëstablish the moral authority of the British, who saw their immense Empire slipping from them without an obvious reason; perhaps merely because destiny so decreed — destiny that in a few brief months had enabled a handful of agitators, mostly native lawyers and pettifoggers, to rally all India against rulers who by the arduous labor of more than a century had made themselves the indispensable balance-wheel of the country?

Lord Reading during his two years of office may not have entirely changed the aspect of affairs; but he has certainly impressed vividly upon the infinitesimal fraction of the native population which pretends to be able to guide the chaotic masses of the Peninsula, and which does in fact possess a powerful influence over them, that ruin would speedily overtake their country if the British power should suddenly collapse. In other words, the Viceroy has succeeded in allaying the agitation for the time being, until it can be shown whether Anglo-Indian coöperation will not better serve the true interests of India and permit the profound political transformation that is in progress there to complete itself without imperiling the whole structure of society. Lord Reading has won many friends among educated Indians. Indeed he is liked better than the native provincial governors, some of whom have abandoned their high office because their own people looked down upon them and because they feared the anathemas of Gandhi.

The luncheon table is set in a magnificent Gothic dining-hall, adorned with the coats of arms of the Viceroy's predecessors. Our eminent host is an engaging conversationalist. One detects at once the art of a great pleader. He relates incidents of his recent trip among the frontier tribes of the Northwest, bordering on Afghanistan. They are warlike peoples, constantly under arms.

I ask: 'How many rifles could they muster?'

'Oh, a hundred thousand,' answers the Viceroy.

'And are they friendly to the Afghans?'

'So-so. Distant friends.'

But assuming the improbable contingency of a Mohammedan invasion from the North, that is, from Afghanistan, we must bear in mind that the people of India, these masses of many millions all along the frontier from the Punjab to Delhi, the ancient Mogul capital, have a hereditary dread of the Mussulman mountainers of the North. Among other things, they would expect those invaders to lay violent hands upon every young woman in the country.

During our luncheon conversation my thoughts recurred to the question whether 'this big, big country,' which Europe imagines to be agitated by a passion for liberty and by noble national aspirations deserving our sympathy and encouragement, has any conception of liberty. No, it is a word without meaning in India. It is a word begotten of European conditions in the European mind, and like many other words — for instance, gratitude and loyalty — it evokes no comprehending consciousness in this hundred-tongued mass of humanity. If we try to imagine India without the Europe that still in a certain fashion rules the tortuous lives of her millions of 'two-times born,' we see darkness again closing

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over her vast territory, and an age returning that we imagine outlived, but that would reappear the moment the Aryan hand was withdrawn.

After luncheon Lord Reading received me privately in his big study, where he works eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. It is no easy task, even for a veteran journalist, to formulate questions to the Viceroy of India. This country has a trick of utterly confusing the mind of even the most experienced observer. When you think you have struck a logical line of thought, that you have picked up a thread which will lead you somewhere, you discover that you have merely entered a new and unexpected labyrinth.

I tried to collect my impressions. Let me see. There was the National Congress at Lucknow, where they discussed the pros and cons of collaboration. There was Holy Benares on the Ganges, where I saw nothing — absolutely nothing — that I might not have seen a thousand years or two thousand years ago: the yellow river sparkling on its indolent course beneath the tropical sun, funeral pyres burning on its banks, temples and ancient buildings reflected in its bosom, thousands and tens of thousands of nude human beings, rapt in adoration of the most miscellaneous conceivable collection of God's creations. I recalled talking there with a native who had graduated at the University of London, who discoursed to me — so long that I lost all reckoning of the time — upon the decadence of England, and who, I discovered, had come to Benares to cast into the Ganges the ashes of a deceased relative, which he had in his valise. Then there were mopla rebels who are in chronic insurrection. In their country Islam fanatics are still trying to convert Hindus with the sword to the faith of Mohammed. In another city, in a native market, thronged with men from Tibet, who came with caravans of hides and magnificent rubies and emeralds, I had witnessed a great commotion because a report arrived that — in order to inaugurate an era of good-will between the Mohammedans and the Hindus — a law had been promulgated in Afghanistan forbidding the slaughter of cattle for beef. Of course, that was a false report. Then there were the tales I had heard of General Bruce, who was reported to have almost reached the summit of Mount Everest, the highest peak in the world, and to have overcome the objections of the Grand Lama of Tibet to having foreigners visit that semisacred mountain, by persuading him that mountain-climbing was a religion, one of the loftiest religions in the world, and that his enterprise was a sacred pilgrimage.

Yes, India is a world, not a country. How was a modest Italian journalist to compass its themes of interest in a few questions? Where should I begin?

When I expressed my embarrassment, the Viceroy smiled sympathetically and told me what old residents of India say. They claim that during his first five years in the country a European learns nothing and understands nothing; that after ten years' residence he begins to imagine he knows something; that at the end of fifteen years this fancy leaves him, and he returns to his earlier state of helpless ignorance and agnosticism. And by the time he has lived for twenty years in India, he has finally convinced himself of the absurdity of ever expecting to know anything about the country.

Referring to the Executive Council, Lord Reading said that the native members were men of the highest intellectual ability. We then discussed the Indian Parliament, which consists of a single Chamber, part of whose members are appointed by the Government and part elected by the people.

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This Parliament adjourned last April without approving the budget and the new taxes necessary to cover a heavy deficit which is due largely to the army appropriation. Lord Rawlinson, who is at the head of the military department, stated before the Chamber that this appropriation had been pared down absolutely to the minimum. The Constitution gives the Viceroy the right to approve a budget even if Parliament rejects it. In the present instance, however, he arranged for a loan to cover the deficit, which was readily subscribed in London. The peasants might have refused to pay a new tax, and might have passively permitted their land to be seized by the tax-collectors, feeling sure that no native would buy it. In general, the Viceroy said, the economic condition of the country was satisfactory. Crops have been good, and when that is the case there is little likelihood of serious domestic trouble.

'And Gandhi?' I asked.

'Gandhi is serving a sentence imposed upon him after a fair trial. His prophecies have not come true, and the immense popularity he enjoyed is rapidly waning. It is an error to imagine that he was successful everywhere, even when he was at liberty. For example, in the Punjab, one of the most ticklish provinces in India, he was almost a laughingstock. The Sikhs said that he spoke Urdu, the lingua franca of India, worse than an Englishman. His humble carriage and poor physique made him an object of contempt in a province where most of the natives are magnificent specimens of humanity. They expected a god and received instead a scrawny, shrinking little fellow, who advocated passive resistance instead of force, and who then departed on one of the railways that he so bitterly denounced in his exhortations.'

'But why are the English in India so tolerant and almost timid in dealing with those opposing them?'

The Viceroy shrugged his shoulders and smiled: 'So long as he does not violate the law, every man is at liberty to think and say what he will.'

'Are there good grounds for hoping that the collaboration of Englishmen and Indians in the Government will ultimately prove a success?'

'I am confident that will be the result. Justice and kindness have never yet failed to create friendship between men of all races, of all religions, and of all social classes.'

Evidently Lord Reading, who is fully abreast of the spirit of the age, and who springs from a race that instinctively surveys the future of mankind with the eyes of the prophets, has implicit faith in the justice of England's cause in India. To feel otherwise would be to anticipate a return to barbarism, or at least the decline of Western civilization in Asia. A broad-minded man, this Viceroy. Although a Jew, he attends the Christian service every Sunday, believing that all great religions are equally good for the souls of those who believe in them. He is too broad-minded not to see that the day may come when a Punjab, Rajputana, or Bengali Viceroy may reign at the Viceregal Palace at Simla in the name of England, and when Englishmen in India will hold there precisely the same position that white men of other nationalities now occupy.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH LUDENDORFF

BY DE VILLEMUS

From *L'Écho de Paris, August* 24
(CLERICAL DAILY)

GENERAL LUDENDORFF occupies a villa in the neighborhood of Munich. It faces a hedge-bordered lane winding down a hill near the banks of the Isar. A cluster of trees hides the house from the neighboring residences. An atmosphere of repose and retirement pervades the place.

General Ludendorff had made an appointment to meet me in his peaceful retreat. I had hardly entered the garden with my companion, a great German manufacturer and an intimate friend of the former army-commander, when we unexpectedly came upon Madame Ludendorff, clothed in white and lugging a heavy watering pot. We apologized, after an impromptu introduction, for our inopportune intrusion upon the good lady's rustic labors.

We were shown into a waiting-room furnished simply but in excellent taste. Several baskets of roses added a touch of cheerfulness and color to the otherwise slightly severe surroundings. On the wall were a portrait of Marshal Hindenburg dedicated 'To my faithful Counselor,' a pastel of Frederick the Great, and an excellent portrait of General Ludendorff himself, leaning over his General Staff maps. On a console placed next to one of the walls were lying the official diplomas bestowing upon the former Commander the municipal freedom of twenty-five of the most important cities of the Republic.

Almost immediately the General appeared. He wore a short coat and a light striped vest, and was evidently in working costume. He excused himself for this informality with a smile, shook my hand, and offered me cigarettes.

The former chief engineer of Germany's military machine has lost much of the embonpoint that he had during the war. He is fifty-four years old and evidently in the very prime of health and vigor. His eyes sparkle, and his broad forehead conveys an impression of unusual energy and working power.

When we were seated the General began to converse affably, meanwhile studying me inquiringly, with just a trace of sternness in his voice. During our talk I submitted two questions to him.

'It is believed in France that the private organizations in Germany of more or less military character are designed to attack France. What is Your Excellency's opinion of this?'

The answer was: 'I have stated on several occasions that all the arms and war materials in Germany have been taken away; that Germany's munitions industries have been destroyed; and that for these reasons alone a war between Germany and the French army, abundantly provided as the latter is with all the means of modern warfare, is something not to be dreamed of for a very long time to come. I am utterly unable to understand how public opinion in France can scent danger in these societies, which have voluntarily assumed the task of defending Germany against a Bolshevist Revolution.'

I next inquired: 'General, how would you explain the hatred of France that

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is becoming more marked among the German people with every day that passes?'

The General answered: 'It is true that since the war German dislike of France has increased appreciably. I believe the reason for it is to be found in French policy. History shows that war is a stern profession, and that the fate of the vanquished is hard. During and since the conclusion of peace France has imposed upon our country crushing conditions, impossible of execution, that threaten the existence of the German people. Furthermore, the attitude of France has wounded the national honor of the German people. Therefore it is not surprising that patriotic Germans have become exasperated.

'The French people and the German people have often fought each other. Fortune has given victory sometimes to one party, sometimes to the other. Each nation can look back upon a long and glorious past. Neither of them has the right to refuse consideration to the other. In the same way, I during the war have always esteemed and honored the merits of the commanders of the French Army.

'The French for their part see a menace in the revival of patriotism in Germany. For this reason France believes herself forced to adopt increasingly harsher measures toward the German people. These measures accentuate German animosity toward the French.

'It is for France to take the first step to mitigate the hostility of the German people.

'If France, as I am informed, has at length begun to see that a policy of oppressing Germany will lead both nations to ruin, it is inevitable that she will sooner or later change her policy with regard to Germany.

'I am sure that if the German people can be made to see a new future before them, based upon the great common interests that they have with France, they will work in harmony with the French people to restore Europe, to the great profit of both countries.'

Our conversation in the little half-lighted salon lasted nearly an hour.

General Ludendorff's principal fear is lest the Communist movement in Germany, under the constant inspiration of Moscow, may become a danger.

The former chief of the German army also discussed at length our French commanders. Among other things he said: 'I have been especially astonished to observe that General de Castelnau has not been made a Marshal.'

I am not able to report more of this conversation. I regret it, but I am under an obligation of honor not to do so.

Before letting me depart, General Ludendorff showed me over his little place, displaying his roses, in which he is especially interested. During our short walk two big collies gamboled joyously around their master.

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THE MOSCOW TRIALS

BY GEORGII CHICHERIN

[The political trials in Moscow last summer were bitterly criticized by the moderate and conservative sections of the Labor and Socialist press of Europe. Among the accused were men who have been lifelong champions of Russian liberty and intimate coworkers with the present Moscow rulers before and during the Revolution. Maksim Gor'kii, though nominally a Bolshevist propagandist, protested, in a public letter, that 'the trial of the Socialist-Revolutionaries looks like an intentional scheme to murder the accused, although they are people who conscientiously served the cause of liberating the Russian nation'; and in another appeal the same author says: 'The Soviet Government itself has proved a thousand times over during the present revolutionary crisis how irrational and criminal it is to annihilate the intelligentsia of our backward and unlettered nation.' The following article is the only formal statement of the Bolshevist side of the case that has come to our notice. It was published in a liberal bourgeois paper notably friendly to France.]

From *Vossische Zeitung, August* 13
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

THE termination of the trial of the Socialist-Revolutionaries affords me an opportunity to break the reserve I have hitherto imposed on myself in regard to this matter. I have never known another case where facts have been so distorted by press propaganda, where so false a picture of the true situation has been presented to the public, as during the campaign waged against us in connection with this trial. I can state with assurance and a clear conscience that in no other country would defendants accused of high treason have been given so full an opportunity to defend their interests and so much latitude in their defense.

At the outset, let me point out the general international situation that lies behind the charges against the accused. This aspect of the trial has been carefully suppressed by the Continental press. The activities of the Socialist-Revolutionaries are a matter of the utmost current importance.

From 1917 down to the present day that party has followed a consistent and undeviating policy. The Paris documents of Kerenskii, of which important extracts have already been published, and of which the authenticity is beyond question, give us a complete picture of that policy during the last period of that party's campaign against the Soviets. These documents show clearly that the Socialist-Revolutionary Party is one of the most effective tools of the Tsarist conspiracy in France; that it has worked hand in glove with the French in promoting their plans to attack Russia, and that it has willingly served as part of the French espionage system.

The defenders of the accused assert that the so-called 'Initiative Group' and the 'Administrative Centre' of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, which are in active charge of this phase of the Party's work, were not connected in any way with the persons tried at Moscow. However, the archives of the Moscow office of the Socialist-Revolutionary Central Committee, which are in our possession, show that the Administrative Centre, headed by Kerenskii and Avksentiev, not only was in constant touch with this Central Committee, but was directed and controlled

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by that Committee. Nearly all the convicted Socialist-Revolutionaries — that is some ten or eleven of the fourteen who were found guilty — were members of the Committee.

Notwithstanding the assertions of our enemies to the contrary, the administration of our prisons is in general so liberal that the imprisoned members of the Central Committee were able to direct from their place of confinement the general policy of their party, including the work of the Administrative Centre.

The espionage and conspiracies of the Socialist-Revolutionaries against our Government are part of the war which French militarists continue to wage against Russia. That campaign aims at the undisputed hegemony of France in Europe. The aggressive attitude of the Paris Government in the recent Reparations crisis shows that no country in Europe can longer remain indifferent to these imperialist ambitions. 'To Berlin' and 'To Moscow' are two phases of the same general policy: 'To Berlin' by the systematic demoralization of Germany, and 'To Moscow' by the subterranean intrigues of the Socialist-Revolutionaries. This is the twofold threat that French imperialism represents for Central and Eastern Europe.

In 1918 the whole Entente was in favor of intervention in Russia, by invasion and blockade; and the most active agents this programme had in Russia itself were the Socialist-Revolutionaries. Now, however, England has adopted a more tolerant and accommodating policy, and it is left to imperialist elements in France, supported by their satellites in the dependent States, to continue this policy of intervention. It is pursued to-day, as it was at that early period, largely through the agency of the Russian Socialist-Revolutionaries. Our Paris documents indicate that the Premier of Czechoslovakia, Dr. Bénès, is the person from whom the Socialist-Revolutionaries chiefly take their orders. However, these documents further indicate that the French General Staff is the ultimate director of this campaign, and supplies funds and political instructions for its prosecution.

I can but admire the skill with which the Socialist-Revolutionaries operate under two political guises: one intended for the public, and the other for their private and secret ends. The secret agents of the party do precisely what its public representatives deny that it is doing. The 'Initiative Group' is ostensibly a nonpartisan organization. But the very first paragraph of its constitution states that it shall be composed only of members of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party or of persons who may hereafter join that party; in the future persons who are not professed and registered Socialist-Revolutionaries may join, but only in case they are in complete accord with the Socialist-Revolutionaries. In the same Section I it says: 'The group as such shall never make its existence publicly known. It possesses no particular name and no programme.' Consequently it may be anything.

As a matter of fact, however, this secret organization is completely in the hands of prominent foreign Socialist-Revolutionary leaders, who are allied or associated with the Moscow Bureau of the Central Committee.

The principal executive organ of this Society is the so-called 'Special Division,' which plans terrorist acts against the Soviet Government and its leaders, promotes unrest, and organizes insurrections in Russia. For example, this Special Division was the chief instigator of the Kronstadt revolt, and still more recently coöperated with Finnish activists to incite the recent disturbances in Karelia. At present

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it is concentrating its attention mainly upon two districts: the so-called 'Southern Region' — that is, the mountainous country bordering on the Black Sea, where the insurrectionary bands of last year have not been completely wiped out — and Northern Caucasus, where its agents are feverishly but unsuccessfully trying to prepare the way for French intervention in Georgia and thus to enable Western capital to get possession of the Baku petroleum districts. In February of last year the Special Section was prominently associated with the aggressive activities of the French General Dumesnil in what was then Menshevist Georgia. This led to the historic campaign that terminated with the overthrow of the Menshevist Government and the erection of a Soviet Republic in Georgia.

These documents all agree in proving that the Socialist-Revolutionary leaders working through this organization are the aggressive and active men behind the scenes in the whole counter-revolutionary movement. While the other political groups of counter-revolutionaries are completely disorganized, the Socialist-Revolutionaries are still united and well organized. But they have wholly lost their former support among the Russian masses, even the peasantry. The disclosures made during the recent trial have opened the eyes of the Russian people to the methods and the objects of the Socialist-Revolutionaries, and have given a death blow to their reputation and influence. However, that party still serves a purpose, as an active centre of counter-revolution in the pay of French militarists; and its leaders are exerting every effort to prevent the successful remodeling of the Russian institutions now in progress.

The Administrative Centre has organized Wrangel's former officers into a society that is busy among refugee Cossacks abroad and is giving them financial support. It is associated with such counter-revolutionary leaders as Bakhmeteff in America, Savinkov in Berlin, the pogrom-champion Bulakhovitch, and others. Its purpose is to concentrate all the anti-Bolshevist organizations abroad under its own control by secret understandings.

The historical background of the issues that have come to the fore during the Moscow trial is incomparably greater, as we know from the documents that have been made public, than the accounts hitherto published in the Continental press would lead us to believe. The issue is clearly drawn between Soviet institutions — that is, the political and economic evolution of Russia under a régime of national property and the political suzerainty of the working classes — on the one hand, and a return to a bourgeois capitalism and bourgeois parliamentary government — which would be equivalent to turning Russia, helpless, hands bound, over to unscrupulous foreign exploiters. This trial is but an episode in the struggle to decide that issue. Whether the Socialist-Revolutionaries employ violent or peaceful measures, whether they plot conspiracies and instigate revolutions, or try to use the Soviets to destroy the Soviets, they are the party that stands in the forefront of the fight to defeat the Revolution, and to make the French the masters of Europe, no matter what programme they profess to the public.

The hostile press throughout the world fosters the impression that we Communists are a little group of party people whom an accident has put into power and who are solely intent upon defending our position by a travesty of justice. But the Soviet system is not the work of a little group of conspirators; it is something that has sprung spontaneously from the bosom of the

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Russian nation. When Lenin came to Moscow from Switzerland in 1917, the whole Russian army, all the cities of Russia, and part of the country, had already voluntarily organized their Soviets, which we found in actual operation everywhere when we arrived in Russia. At the very moment that the November Revolution occurred, an All-Russian Congress of Soviets was in session, and it naturally took over the political direction of that Revolution. The Soviets are not the creation of individuals or of a political clique; they are the natural and popular form of self-expression, which the Russian people have adopted of their own initiative. From 1917 down to the present time, the Socialist-Revolutionaries have waged war against the Soviet Government, and through it against the Russian people themselves.

We have in our hands the original agreement by which Timofeev, a member of the Central Committee of the Socialist-Revolutionaries, in 1919 entered into engagements with the head of the French Explosives Division, Bertamon, to destroy railways, bridges, and public buildings in Russia. During the trial Timofeev admitted that this agreement was authentic. In case of every attempted assassination or insurrection since 1918, in the revolts in Yaroslavl, Murom, and elsewhere, in every conspiracy from that time to the present, French agents have lurked in the background, though Socialist-Revolutionaries have been the men who did the actual work. This rôle of the Socialist-Revolutionaries, and particularly of the defendants found guilty, has been exhaustively and indubitably proved, not only by the testimony of individuals, but by abundant documentary evidence. The condemned were tried before the eyes of the whole Russian people. These facts have never been brought to the knowledge of the public abroad; and that is why I lay such weight here upon the political background of the trial.

THE GOEBEN–BRESLAU INCIDENT

[*The memoirs of the former Turkish Minister of the Navy, Djemal Pasha, who was recently assassinated at Tiflis, are announced for early publication in Germany. We print below an interesting episode from this book.*]

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, August* 17
(Berlin Daily, Hugo Stinnes Press)

One day when we chanced to be upon the quay near the yali of Said Halil Pasha, a steamer from Russia, loaded with recently mobilized soldiers, passed through the Black Sea channel toward the Sea of Marmora. Some German officers and officials from the German Embassy, who were also on the quay, exchanged remarks about this vessel. One of the adjutants, Liman von Sanders, observed, speaking so distinctly that I could not fail to catch his words: 'If His Excellency the Ottoman Minister of the Navy were to refuse that ship the right of passage through the Dardanelles, our comrades on the French front would have at least four thousand fewer soldiers to fight. That important

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responsibility rests exclusively and alone upon the Naval Minister.' Naturally I acted as if I heard nothing, and the vessel continued on her course.

On August 8, 1914, Captain Humann, Naval Attaché of the German Embassy, called upon me at the Department to inform me that the German Mediterranean Squadron was headed for the Dardanelles, pursued by the English, and that, to the best of his information, the Goeben had practically no coal and would have to get a supply at Constantinople. Since there was no English coal at this point, he begged me to loan him five or six thousand tons from the naval depot. I telephoned at once to the Grand Vizir, Enver Pasha, and Talaat Bey, to learn their opinion.

They advised me to grant the request. I gave orders for the quantity of coal in question to be delivered by the Derindji depot, and sent a detachment of naval laborers to assist in loading the collier. In a few hours the latter departed in the direction of the Ægean Sea.

On the night of August 11 we assembled, as was our custom, for a conference after dinner in the yali of the Prince. Enver Pasha, who arrived last, remarked with his usual quiet, baffling smile: 'A son has been born to us.' Naturally we did not understand him. So he immediately added, in order not to keep us in suspense: 'The Goeben and the Breslau were sighted at the entrance of the Dardanelles this morning. As the English fleet was in close pursuit, they asked permission to pass through the Dardanelles. I granted their request in order to save vessels belonging to our ally from certain destruction. Now the two ships lie in the Dardanelles, under the guns of the forts at the entrance. The end of the story is, however, that we must make a grave political decision. We must make it this very evening.'

And in truth we faced a formidable problem. Two vessels belonging to a belligerent Power had taken refuge in Turkish waters. According to our obligation as neutrals, we must order them to leave our waters within twenty-four hours, or else disarm and intern them in one of our ports.

Since we were allies of Germany, we could not for a moment consider the first alternative; for it would be equivalent to handing these ships over to her enemy. Furthermore, such an action would be as contrary to our interests as to our duty.

In so far as the second alternative, that of disarming and interning the vessels, was concerned, we knew perfectly well that the Germans would never consent to it. Seen from this standpoint, the Allies might regard our conduct as a casus belli and declare war upon us. To be sure, that contingency was certain to occur sooner or later; we were sure to be forced into the war. At the same time, the condition of our army made it advisable to postpone that moment as long as possible.

Almost immediately, the English and the French Ambassadors presented themselves to the Grand Vizir, in a state of great excitement, to protest against our admitting the German warships into the Dardanelles, and also against the bold action of their officers in searching a naval dispatch-vessel that had left Constantinople the previous evening with several French passengers on board. They made it clear that this constituted a violation of the neutrality proclaimed by the Imperial Ottoman Government.

After talking the matter over at length, we decided to request the German Government to permit the two vessels to be temporarily disarmed, in order to save appearances. Talaat and Halil Bey immediately went to the German Embassy at Therapia to notify

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Ambassador von Wangenheim of our decision. An hour later they returned with the information that the Ambassador refused to allow the ships to be disarmed under any circumstances. He had previously assented to our policy of neutrality, and had recognized that the Ottoman Government need not immediately participate in the war; but he was convinced that the arrival of these distressed German vessels in Turkish waters had entirely altered the situation. Should the incident terminate diplomatic relations between the Entente Governments and the Ottoman Government, or even precipitate war, that would be only the logical result of an unforeseen emergency.

Enver Pasha shared the opinion of the Ambassador; but I insisted that we must find some way out of the dilemma, so as to postpone as long as possible our entry into the war.

The Grand Vizir and Djavid Bey shared my opinion. Finally we agreed upon the following plan: Might not the German Government have sold us these vessels at some previous date? Could not their arrival in the Dardanelles be represented as their delivery on a sale?

We all drew a sigh of relief. We thought we had found a way out of the dilemma without precipitating a break with the Entente. We decided to invite Wangenheim to the yali of the Prince and tell him of our proposal. One of Enver Pasha's adjutants was sent to the Embassy, and fifteen minutes later, though it was already past midnight, the Ambassador appeared. After an hour's lively discussion, in which the Grand Vizir, Talaat Bey, and the Ambassador did most of the talking, Wangenheim promised to telegraph Berlin that very night for the consent of his Government, so that we might have an affirmative reply before morning. We thereupon decided to remain with the Grand Vizir until an answer came. It reached us about 4.00 A.M. and authorized us to say that the vessels had been sold to Turkey. However, this was subject to the condition that we receive Admiral Souchon into the Ottoman service. This was to be not a real but merely a fictitious sale. We were informed that the Kaiser had no right to sell a naval vessel without express authority from the Reichstag; consequently, a real sale could not be made until after the war was over and the Reichstag had given its consent. As soon as this scheme for maintaining appearances was finally arranged, we adjourned our cabinet session. Details were left to be settled by the Navy Office.

Early next morning I sent an official announcement to the press, saying that the Government had bought the Goeben and the Breslau and that the vessels had reached the Dardanelles. I begged the newspapers to emphasize that we had acquired the two vessels to replace the Sultan Osman and the Reshadieh, which the English had taken away from us.

The most delicate part of the affair was to get rid of Admiral Limpus, who was in command of our navy, and the other English officers on his staff, without raising a row. The next day I received a report from the Admiral. He congratulated the Ottoman Government upon acquiring two such vessels, notified us that he would immediately take command of them, and promised that within a month, at the latest, he would have new officers and crews well enough trained to handle these up-to-date fighting machines. I invited the Admiral to call upon me and talk the matter over.

During the interview that followed, I begged him, in view of the fact that the German admiral and his crew were suffering from great fatigue, and the date when they could leave the vessels

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was for that reason uncertain, to prepare me during the interval a list of the officers and crew assigned to these new fighting units. By a lucky accident, I received a short letter from the Admiral, four or five days later, enclosing a copy of a report, in the English language, which he had submitted directly to the Grand Vizir. I had the report translated. It argued that the condition of our fleet and our army made it imperative that the Ottoman Government continue a policy of strict neutrality; and asserted that the Turkish officers and crew would need at least four or five years schooling and instruction before they would be able to use intelligently the modern vessels we had just acquired.

I immediately notified the Admiral that, since his business was merely to reorganize the fleet, he was directly subordinate to the Navy Office; and that his report should have been submitted to the Ministry of the Navy alone. Furthermore, his reports must be devoted solely to naval matters. He was not authorized to give political advice to the Ottoman Government. The next day I received a curt note from the Admiral, saying: 'Your letter makes clear to me the true situation. In the future I shall confine myself strictly to the subjects you have indicated. However, I feel greatly in need of a rest, and I should appreciate it very much if you would permit me to spend a little time with my daughter, who is living ashore at Therapia.'

I informed him that he had my permission to do this; but at the same time called his attention to the fact that during his absence friction might arise between the English officers, mechanics, and other employees serving in the fleet, and the Turkish crews. In order to avoid this I begged him to have certain officers, whom I named, call at the Ministry in order that they might be assigned to work at the Navy Yard for the period he was absent.

After these orders had been carried out, there was not a single British officer left with the active fleet. Thereupon an imperial irade was published appointing Admiral Souchon an officer in the Ottoman navy with the title of Fleet Commander.

The next day the Goeben and the Breslau — which had now been rechristened the Yavus and the Midilli — raised the Turkish flag and entered the Stamboul harbor, casting anchor in Moda roadstead. A few days later His Majesty the Sultan reviewed, from his royal yacht, the Turkish fleet, which now embraced the Yavus and the Midilli, to the unbounded delight and enthusiasm of the people of Constantinople.

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HOW A GERMAN PRINCESS BECAME EMPRESS OF RUSSIA

BY M. A. ALDANOV

[*The following sketch is part of a chapter of the author's unfinished historical novel dealing with the period of Catherine the Great. The chapter opens with an account of how Frederick the Great conceived the idea of making the fifteen-year-old Princess Ficke of Zerbst the bride of Grand Duke Peter, heir to the Russian throne. His manœuvres resulted in an invitation for the little Princess to visit the court at St. Petersburg.*]

From *Sovremennya Zapiski, October 5*, 1921
(PARIS RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE POLITICAL AND LITERARY BIMONTHLY)

ON the way, Johanna Elizabeth told her daughter stories about Russia. As a matter of fact, she did not know much about that country, except a few anecdotes of Peter the Great. Emperor Peter liked the Germans, and the Germans liked him. Germany was full of stories about the Moscow Tsar, who was two heads taller than ordinary mortals, who worked and drank twice as much as any of his subjects, and was capable of consuming a whole goose at a single meal. It was not so much the Tsar's appetite that astonished the Germans, — some of them were quite capable of vying with him, — as the fact that any man, even a Kaiser, could permit himself the luxury of consuming so much valuable meat at one time. They were also shocked somewhat by the Moscow Tsar's democratic habits. He would drink with common sailors, and complain to them about his fate, which had made him ruler over such a good-for-nothing land.

'They are a clever enough people,' he would announce to his drinking companions, shedding drunken tears. 'A Russian peasant has a brain that is worthy of three Jews. Only they don't want to learn anything.'

In intervals between stories about the strange Moscow Tsar, Johanna Elizabeth told her daughter what a happy lot she would have if only she could succeed in fascinating the Grand Duke. Ficke listened attentively and was quite certain that she would like to become the Russian Kaiserin. It is true that she was not at all pleased at the prospect of having to marry a sixteen-year-old boy, but when she suggested this to her mother, the latter called her a foolish child, and made it quite clear to her that rulers, while they have great and sacred duties, also possess rights which are inaccessible to ordinary married women. This explanation quite satisfied Ficke.

But the young princess really began to understand the happiness that was in store for her only when her mother's modest carriage reached the Russian frontier. At Riga the princesses were met by several important dignitaries and an escort of troops. Here, too, they received the first gifts of the Empress, which consisted of marvelous sable coats lined with gold cloth. On seeing the gifts, Johanna Elizabeth exclaimed, '*Wunderschön! Aber wunderschön!*' and immediately declared that, although she had seen plenty of costly furs at her mother's palace in Hamburg, she had never seen anything quite so wonderful.

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The princesses now proceeded in the imperial sleigh, which was very long, lined with silk-covered cushions, and drawn by five pairs of horses. Kammerherr Naryshkin sat on the front seat. He was such a dignified-looking man, wore such impressively costly clothes, and gave orders in such a terrifying tone of voice, that on first meeting him Ficke all but kissed his hand, as she was taught to do in Zerbst and Stettin whenever she met distinguished gentlemen. But her mother nudged her just in time, and she quickly recalled the fact that Naryshkin might soon become her subject.

The remaining members of the suite disposed themselves in other sleighs; a detachment of cuirassiers formed the honorary escort; and the procession started for St. Petersburg. The trip remained in Ficke's memory like a marvelous dream. Everything was different from her native land. The fields stretched almost without limit on all sides. The high officials were amazingly dressed. The faces and the manners of the people whom she saw while the sleighs passed through towns and villages were entirely new to her. But what impressed her most of all was the huge scale of everything that now surrounded her. The nearer she got to St. Petersburg, the more she realized what an unexpected happiness was in store for her, and strange, ambitious thoughts came into her head.

During the trip she found ample opportunity to take note of all the men in the suite, particularly the handsome ones. Naryshkin, who was studying her covertly, looked at her irregular features, her blue eyes shadowed by black lashes, her soft mouth and strong chin, and decided that the little German princess might amount to something.

Unheard-of honors awaited the princesses in St. Petersburg and later on in Moscow, where the Russian Court was temporarily located. The Empress and the Grand Duke received them *auf tendreste.*

In the evening of the day of their arrival, their old friend, Brümmer, the tutor of the Grand Duke, came to their apartment in the Golovin Palace to pay his respects. Both Johanna Elizabeth and Ficke immediately noticed that *der alte Kerl* had undergone quite a transformation. He called Russia 'our glorious fatherland,' and referred to Elizabeth as 'our great Empress.' Considering the fact that Brümmer had become a Russian and a subject of Elizabeth only two years before, Ficke decided that she would take still less time to become a Russian and a Grand Duchess.

Brümmer told them a great deal about the splendor of the Russian Court, which was in no way inferior to Versailles; about the size of the Russian palaces; and about the wisdom of the Empress, who had just abolished capital punishment, taking an oath before the image of a saint called Nikolai never to reintroduce it. What astonished the German princesses most, however, was his account of Elizabeth's wardrobe, which contained fifteen thousand dresses, five thousand pairs of shoes, and two trunks of silk stockings. These figures were particularly impressive, for the German princesses had each brought but three dresses and a dozen changes of other garments.

Brümmer's tone, too, was quite impressive, so that it was with considerable trepidation that the princesses produced the presents which they had brought for him. These gifts were five pounds of real Stettin sausage, two bottles of old Johannisberger, a silk purse, and a tobacco pouch. But Brümmer was so highly pleased that he immediately began to recall Zerbst, Stettin, Kiel, and the old Rhein. Tears

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appeared in his eyes, and he even stopped calling Russia his glorious fatherland. Then they opened a bottle of the old Johannisberger, ate some of the real Stettin sausage, and Brümmer's tongue loosened up. The character of his stories also underwent a change.

It now appeared that, though Elizabeth really had fifteen thousand dresses, the State treasury was nearly empty, and except for the Court and the Army there was never any money for State expenditures. Though the imperial palace was nearly three versts in circumference, it was made of wood and might burn up any moment. Though capital punishment was abolished, still every day men had ears and tongues lopped off. Though the Empress was peerless, still it was too bad that she drank so much vodka and got as tipsy as a Kiel truck-driver. Though she was the daughter of the great Peter, still her mother was something that should not even be mentioned in the presence of the young Princess, while her uncle, Count Skavronsky, was only recently an ordinary cab-driver. And though the Empress was as devout as an angel, it seemed very strange that, while kneeling before an icon, she would ask the Lord in quite a loud voice to tell her which of the Guard regiments was to furnish her next lover. . . .

Toward the end of his revelations Brümmer announced that, of course, Russia was a great country with a remarkable future, but it was really most difficult to understand these peculiar Muscovites. And if truth were to be told — he was well aware that the princesses were most discreet — in his opinion Kiel and even Zerbst were much better than Russia. The only trouble was that in Zerbst and in Kiel the salaries were much too small and chances of advancement were almost negligible; otherwise, it would be a crime ever to leave them. . . .

Years passed. The fifteen-year old girl became an old woman. Little Ficke became Empress Catherine the Great. Behind her was a long, stormy, bloody reign — successes and failures, the crimes through which she had made her way to the throne, the formidable Pugachoff revolt that had terrified her for life. Behind her were hundreds of her lovers. She measured her past by her numerous favorites, and Russia reckoned her history in the same way. And the older she became, the greater the part amorous intrigues played in her life, until they developed into morbid excesses.

Her reign seemed successful. Like a real German, Catherine worked hard for the land which had exalted her to so high a position. She considered Russia's happiness in terms of territorial expansion. By nature the Empress was clever and crafty. Her struggle for the throne had taught her much. She was excellently versed in the intricacies of European diplomacy. Her craftiness and pliancy were the basis of what Western Europe called, alternately, the policy of the Northern Semiramis, or the crimes of the Moscow Messalina.

But despite the long period that separated the old Empress from the German period of her life, despite the fact that for over thirty years she had been the autocrat of Russia, her Zerbst and Stettin past retained a powerful influence over her mind. However great her successes, however lavish the flattery of her Court, the Empress continued to be vividly conscious of the almost incredible fortune that had so luckily and accidentally befallen her.

Catherine knew perfectly well that there was no law under heaven that entitled her to the imperial throne of Russia. The rightful heir to the throne, Ioann Antonovich, was thrown into

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prison when two years of age, and was later killed while trying to escape. Next to him in line of succession was Catherine's husband, Peter; but he was deposed by the Empress and strangled by Catherine's lover, Alexis Orlov. After the death of the two emperors, the throne belonged to Catherine's son, Paul. But his right of succession was set aside by her, in violation of both the letter and the spirit of the law. An obscure Zerbst princess, she occupied the Russian throne simply because a group of drunken officers of the Guard had usurped it for her. And at times her sleep was broken by a horrible dream: that she was suddenly deprived of her throne and strangled, or that she was exiled either to a monastery or to her German home.

She realized perfectly that she could keep her crown only so long as she pleased her nobles and army officers. And she acted accordingly. The people, she felt, could do her no harm, for the common people do not engage in court conspiracies. She feared them for a moment during the Pugachoff rebellion. But that formidable uprising was quickly put down by the nobles and the officers. Toward the end of her reign, frightened by the French Revolution, she ordered a bloody persecution of all persons she considered dangerous.

By nature Catherine was neither evil-minded nor cruel. On the contrary, she was rather kind-hearted, if kindness did not cost her much. Her ambition grew less with years. She was not even fond of exercising power, but always permitted her favorites to rule the country, except when they showed themselves too inexperienced or too stupid. She was abler and more experienced in state affairs than all her favorites, with the exception of Prince Potemkin.

There were no extremes in Catherine's nature, which was a strange medley of vulgar and growing sensuality with purely German, practical sentimentalism. Two rooms in her palace were filled with obscene pictures. In her sixty-fifth year she would fall in love with twenty-year old boys, with all the thrill of a young girl, and believe sincerely that they, too, were in love with her. . . .

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THE HINDU STAGE

[*This article is apropos of the recent publication in Bangalore, India, of Mr. James A. Cousins's book,* The Play of Brahma.]

From the *Times Literary Supplement, August* 10
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

IT is nearly a century and a half since Sir William Jones first discovered for Europe the existence of the Sanskrit Drama; and from that time onward, practically until the present day, the plays of India, however eagerly sought after by Oriental scholars, have remained unknown to the English people at large. We all love best that with which we are familiar; the traditions of our schooldays still cling to us. While every public-school boy knows the legends of Medea and the Atridæ, to the majority even of cultured men Charudatta and Vasantasena, Sakuntala and Prahlada are strange and uncouth names.

Yet surely the masterpieces of the golden age of literature in a country so cultured and so artistic as India are worth knowing. For the Indian drama tells us more than its stories — more, even, than the manners and customs of a bygone age. It is a reflection of Indian history and an expression of national development, just as in England we may see the reflection of the people in the Elizabethan stage, in the plays of the Restoration, and in the spectacular realism of to-day.

Indian dramatic art reached its zenith in the period of the great Gupta dynasty, whose empire extended from the Indian Ocean to the Bay of Bengal, and from Nepal to the Nerbudda. It was then that Bharata wrote his famous treatise crystallizing into fixed rules the experience of his predecessors; it was then that Kalidasa flourished, whose name is reverenced by Indians as we reverence the name of Shakespeare, and whose supreme creation, *Sakuntala*, was the inspiration of Goethe's famous apostrophe.

It was a time of national prosperity, when Hindu kings reigned over the greatest Indian empire since Asoka, and as yet the foreigner was unknown in the land. And if the kings were aggressive after the fashion of their time, have we not been told that 'war is the foundation of all the arts,' and that 'whenever the faculties of men are at their fullness they *must* express themselves by art'? And it was the art of the Sanskrit, as it was of the Greek, masters to inculcate ethics and religion through the medium of their plays.

The stories are of small account, the best no better and the worst no worse than Shakespeare's plots. They took the ancient legends familiar to the people from the great epics and idealized them as moral lessons. In Sakuntala, the foster daughter of a hermit, they portrayed the embodiment of love triumphant in its constancy over the powers of evil; in Vasantasena, the courtesan, they showed how pure devotion and the upright heart can exist in one whom the world despised and called outcast; in *Prahlada* (though the play is later), the legend of the avatar of Vishnu, called Narasimha or the Man-Lion, becomes the theme of constancy to an ideal under persecution rather than of the righteous judgment of the god.

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Then ensued a period of decadence until, when the shadows of Mussulman invasion lengthened over the land, the drama suffered an eclipse. The high idealistic philosophy of the older playwrights gave place to the *játra* or semi-religious procession which, yielding to the influence of the rise of Krishna worship, celebrated the loves of Krishna and the Gopis and similar stories, the sensual tendency of which introduced a dangerous element. Here we find, perhaps, the first germ of decaying influence — the sacrifice of idealism to mere narrative, and the subordination of dramatic unity, leading through a steadfast purpose up to a natural climax, to the meretricious attractions of spectacular effect.

As religious propaganda they may have served their purpose. They certainly broadened the base of dramatic appeal by substituting the vernacular for the more elegant and refined Sanskrit, which the common folk could neither understand nor appreciate. But as works of art or as instruction in ethical ideals they were contemptible, and have deservedly perished. Only in the villages to-day do we see some survival of them when the rustic celebrates the festival of his goddess, adapting the Hindu drama to a cult compact of Hindu theology and animistic superstition.

The stormy centuries rolled on, and save for a brief revival in the North the ancient drama of the Indians remained in eclipse. But with the nineteenth century it emerged once more, with a difference. The old dramatic rules were still there; the old tales were still drawn upon for material, but the influence of Europe was not long in asserting itself. By degrees, as English became better known, the legends were discarded or relegated to the multitude, and the problem play, whether social or political, caught the fancy of the more educated.

About the middle of the nineteenth century appeared a remarkable play based upon the iniquities of the indigo-planters. The *Nil Darpana*, or *Mirror of Indigo*, frankly broke away from the canon of the classical drama which demands a prince for hero, with the royal accompaniments of a Court. It told the homely pathetic tale of the village laborer who, deprived of his land by the factory, was forced to the work of slavery on the Englishman's conditions. Unrelieved by any gleam of humor, it might have been modeled, save for its unheroic theme, upon the most sombre of Greek tragedies.

The national consciousness was awaking and was trying to express itself in the drama. The novel, *Chendra Sekhara*, which was dramatized, lashed the brutality and lust of the Englishman while allowing him the virtue of bravery, and it poured scorn on the treachery of the Mussulman. The loftiness of Hindu ideals is embodied in the characters of the noble youth who sacrifices himself in a forlorn hope, of the wayward girl who preserves her purity in dangers and temptations, and of the ascetic, her husband, who is the culmination of virtue and the final refuge from disaster. Very significant of this modern tendency is *The Goddess*, now being given to a London audience; comic relief there is, but the play turns upon the very modern theme of the skepticism and imposture of the priesthood, and it ends with the death of the heroine upon the stage to save her priestly lover.

These are but examples of the general influence which Europe has exercised in the choice of themes; in the manner of their presentation the Indian usually adheres to the ancient rules. No doubt some of these have become archaic. We no longer find the Vidushaka, or fool, that mixture of shrewdness and buffoonery who was formerly re-

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quired to act as a foil to the sentimental heroics of the king or to the pathetic distress of the humbler hero. The invocation to Sarasvati, the goddess of eloquence and learning, has been dropped, even by Rabindranath Tagore, who in the abstract conception of his plots and the lyrical handling of his material comes very near to the methods of the Sanskrit playwrights.

But in other respects tradition is largely maintained. The classical Sanskrit drama was governed by strict rules and regulations, which laid down not only what the general course of the play should be but also what kind of character should be employed, what actions and passions should be permitted and what eschewed. They divided the play into acts and, like the Greeks, sought to preserve dramatic unity by limiting the time within which action should be confined. All these rules are taken as a general guide in the drama of to-day, but especially that fundamental doctrine that the audience must not be allowed to depart under a sense of gloom and depression, and that the exhibition of wickedness triumphant inculcates undesirable ethical ideas.

Consequently, in the orthodox conception of dramatic propriety there is no place for tragedy: the Greek idea, in the words of Mr. Cousins, of 'humanity in conflict with their environment,' and the Shakespearian idea of the interplay of human passions and weaknesses leading to a tragic fulfillment, are equally foreign to Indian conceptions. The best examples of their drama are high comedy, and there is nothing between this and the most extravagant farce.

Herein lies the weakness of the modern Indian stage. In abandoning the old religious legends as material for the drama, it has lost the inspiration which raised them from the level of dead myths to the higher plane of idealized human experience. It is striving to put new wine into old bottles. It seeks to imitate the realism of modern Europe while clinging with characteristic conservatism to the ancient rules; and, not fully appreciating the underlying motives of the European play, it is in danger of degenerating into mere narrative. 'The arts,' says Mr. Cousins, 'are not matters of pleasure only, but means to the satisfaction of an essential and everlasting need'; and the drama of to-day, by merely telling a story to tickle the fancy of the audience, descends from the position of instructor and master to that of the slave ministering to the passing needs of the multitude.

Nowhere is this more noticeable than in the performances of Shakespeare. Shakespeare is the one European dramatist who has caught the popular fancy, and the plays are frequently performed in one or other of two ways. The single scenes or episodes enacted by schoolboys are to be regarded as little more then exercises in elocution; they are generally arranged by European teachers, and, being detached from their context, miss dramatic unity. It is rather in the adaptations of whole plays for the Indian public that we must expect to find the Indian appreciation of Shakespeare. And granted that the difficulty of representing Italy or Denmark adequately in an Indian setting is very great, granted that India does not think as Europe thinks, granted that the difficulty of translation into another language is enhanced when that language is Oriental, it is still disappointing to find that India realizes so little of Shakespeare's spirit.

India is full of contradictions. At times we think of the Oriental as impulsive and excitable, impatient of all delay; at times we picture him dignified and impassive, moving slowly toward his goal. But it is only in the latter character that the more noble imper-

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sonations of the stage appear. *Sakuntala* hardly advances at all for three acts out of seven, and in Tagore's modern *Chitra* there is no dramatic action until the end, when Chitra, throwing off her cloak, discovers herself in male attire.

Such treatment of the drama is apt to be tedious, and is perhaps the reason why the ancient masters introduced the Vidushaka, or fool. Drama consists of light and shadow; it is not all light or all shadow. The Greek conception was entirely different. A short play, with quick dialogue or narrative packed with incident, was broken up by hymns often extrinsic or only remotely relevant to the main theme. The Sanskrit idea was a long lyrical play, broken only into acts and taking not Fate but Love as the motif. To such a conception some lightness was necessary, all the more so because the play usually proceeds toward disaster, which is averted in the end by an unexpected turn of events or by the good offices of some Euripidean god out of the machine.

The actor-playwrights of to-day recognize this necessity to relieve the audience from the sense of oppression that pure tragedy gives, or from the effort to keep the mind at the high tension that lyrical drama demands, by the very inartistic device of introducing between the acts a short farce quite unconnected with the play. When the mind is concentrated upon the impending murder of Duncan, the ridiculous adventures of some impertinent lout who has been cheated over the purchase of a hen require too violent a mental effort. The æsthetic sense is shocked by their incongruity.

But we must beware of insisting too rigidly upon the canons of European art. Indian music proves to us how widely the Oriental conception may differ from ours; for that which we value they reject, and that which to us is but a medley of unmeaning sound they regard as the very voice from Heaven. So closely, indeed, do they connect music with poetry and the drama, that poetry in India is always sung, not recited. Hence it comes about that the lyrical drama took the shape of the older form of European opera which is exemplified by *Figaro* or the earlier Verdi. For to the Indian, music is not ancillary to lyrical poetry — it is an integral part of it; and an Indian who tries to read poetry is led unconsciously into a chant by the very cadence of the lines.

'Is not the play written in verse?' was the all-sufficient answer to a question why *Twelfth Night* should be sung to music. To him the poetry of the play would have lost half its savor without the music, even though the words were never meant to be sung and the music itself, being Oriental, had nothing in common with the verse.

Nevertheless, the employment of music appears to be mainly a persistence of tradition. It is one of the old bottles into which the new wine of the modern realism is being poured; and if the Indian stage is to develop on the lines of the twentieth century, if it really means to substitute the experiences of life for the transcendental legends of gods and heroes, if in a word it means to live in the present and not in the past, it will have to adapt itself in this, as in other ways, to the canons of modern æsthetic taste.

The employment of boys and young men in female parts springs from a different cause. It has its roots deep down in the social system of the Hindus. For since the song and the dance played a great part in theatrical performances, and since in its origin the drama was essentially religious, it was natural that the actress should be drawn from the ranks of the dancing girl, and that she

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should insensibly become identified with a class of no social consideration. In all probability the influence of Islam, with its jealous seclusion of respectable women, crystallized this attitude into a regular tradition, and to this day women who value themselves shrink from appearing on the stage with a male actor. It is unfortunate that in a country which has idealized womanhood, in such types as Sita and Draupadi, after a fashion rivaled by few and surpassed by none, the living woman should have been thought so frail that she cannot present these characters dramatically; for there are obvious disadvantages, both physical and temperamental, to the performance of female parts by males.

Although educated taste inclines rather to the social drama, especially in the great centres where regular theatres are built, the true drama of the people is still drawn from the old stories of gods and heroes. In the villages the ancient legends of the *Ramayana* or the *Mahabharata*, the ancient tales of the love of Krishna and Radha, are as alive to-day as they were a thousand years ago, and the incidents, familiar as the story of David to us, still awaken a breathless interest in the rustic. And as the folk songs of England are the measure of our musical sense, so we cannot but feel that here, dwelling deep in the heart of the people, is the true drama of India, the native plant on which no foreign stock is grafted; and that seeing these Thespian plays we are in the presence of a people naturally artistic, however rude the language or uncouth the setting.

Nor is the native characteristic to be found in the subject-matter of the play alone; here are music and the dance preëminent in the performances. And it is worth while to remark in passing that here, in some of the many forms which these village plays take, we may find the germ of that fashionable cult of to-day — the interpretation of music by means of gesture and movement — which Russia, always so Oriental in her national expression, has introduced to us. Who that saw Pavlova in her impersonation of Le Cygne guessed that a dusky Pavlova far away in India was dancing the loves of Krishna and the Gopis to the strains of the vina or the flute?

These village performances may not be drama proper, but at least they form a link with its primitive origins; for all was evolved from the dance, and the Sanskrit word for the highest form of play, *nátakam*, is closely allied to the familiar 'nautch.' Careless of the mise en scène, they owe much of their attraction to the gorgeousness of the dresses; and herein lies a special danger to the evolution of the modern drama. The Oriental mind is ever prone to display. If we can discern the influence of Europe among the more educated in the substitution of the social drama for legendary tradition, we may regard it as inevitable that that influence will be most pronounced when it conforms to the national predilections.

In former times stage-mounting was neglected even in high-class drama, but the dresses were remarkable for their magnificence. 'L'usage des décors semble étranger au théâtre indien,' says M. Sylvain Lévi; but he adds, 'Les toilettes seules étaient d'un luxe éblouissant,' and the green satin of the Duke and the lavender silk of Malvolio, set in crudely painted surroundings, bear out the accuracy of his observations. Now, however, India is learning to copy the overelaboration of scenery to which we are growing accustomed in England. Already there are numerous companies — generally Parsi or Mohammedan, no doubt with an eye on the commercial rather than on the æsthetic side of the drama — who make spectacular dis-

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play their principal attraction. Such a tendency is deplorable. It emphasizes the accessory at the cost of the essential; it sacrifices the general to the particular; it ministers to the pleasure of the eye, neglecting the higher pleasures of the brain and the ear.

But there is leeway to be made up. For, if the stage cannot be complete without a certain leaven of realism that shall work through eye and ear, the drama of India must first attain that standard where the due amount of realism can be achieved. The quarrel is not with realism, but with its overemphasis. With the imaginative qualities of the race, there is no reason why the Indian theatre should not rise to the grandeur of the bygone age. Only it must develop on native lines, assimilating to itself all that is best and most adaptable of European models. 'It cannot,' says Mr. Cousins quite rightly, 'escape the national religious tendency, and it must find means to satisfy it and from it to bring enrichment into the drama.'

GLIDING AND SOARING MACHINES

BY C. G. GREY

From the *Manchester Guardian, August* 23
(English Liberal Daily)

Considerable good may come to aviation from the interest which is now being taken in what is commonly called gliding, though in its present stage of development the operation might more truly be called soaring. The difference between gliding and soaring may be briefly defined thus: in gliding the aeroplane, which may or may not have a motor in it, descends from a high level to a lower level, whereas in soaring a machine maintains or increases its height.

The type of glider in which public interest is being taken at the moment is to all intents and purposes an aeroplane without an engine, the balance being adjusted by putting the pilot farther forward so that his weight compensates the absence of an engine. These gliders are launched from the top of a hill in the face of a wind blowing up the hill, are borne on the upland current of the wind, and, so to speak, 'coast' down the hill.

The gliders themselves are of various types. The crudest type is one in which the pilot supports himself on arm rests, to which are attached wings and a tail, neither the wings nor the tail being controllable. He runs down the hill facing the wind till he acquires sufficient velocity to lift, and then controls the machine by swinging his body backward or forward or sideways as the case may be; that is to say, he shifts the centre of gravity of the machine instead of controlling it by movable surfaces, as in the case of an ordinary aeroplane.

Then there are other types in which the pilot sits in a little hull like the fuselage of an aeroplane and controls the machine by moving the wing surfaces or the tail surfaces just as in an ordinary aeroplane. These vary all the

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way from crude things such as a fairly intelligent youngster would make in his father's back garden, to very scientifically designed and skillfully built machines embodying all the latest aerodynamic knowledge of the leading aeronautical scientists.

Now what makes the difference between a glider and a soaring machine is simply the efficiency of the machine itself. Just as in the case of a power-driven aeroplane a very inefficient plane will refuse to lift and an efficient one will carry a very heavy load with very small horse-power, so an inefficient glider either will refuse to lift or will merely enable the pilot to make a series of long hops down a slope, or will lift only if there is a very strong wind blowing up the slope; whereas an efficient glider will glide down the hill against a very slight wind or will actually rise if the wind happens to be strong enough. Perhaps the general idea may be understood if one compares a glider to a kite, the force of gravity, tending to pull the machine down, taking the place of the pull of the string.

That being understood, we may now proceed to consider precisely the difference between a gliding machine and a soaring machine. It will be readily understood that every glider has a certain rate of descent. That is to say, if the glider with its pilot were dropped out of a balloon it would approach the earth at a certain number of feet per second. It would, in fact, be a parachute over which the pilot had complete control. The bad glider would come down quickly and the good glider would come down very much more slowly. If the good glider happened to strike an upward current of air — say rising out of a valley, owing to the valley being hot and the surrounding hills cold, or owing to a wind striking a hillside and being deflected upward — and the upward speed of that current of air happened to be greater than the downward speed of the glider, then obviously the glider would go up on the current, and if the pilot wished to come down he would have to point the nose of his machine down and dive, so that his downward speed would be greater than the upward speed of the current.

That was how the idea of soaring originally started. Actually the first gliders of any note were built by the late Dr. Otto Lilienthal in Germany, and shortly afterward by the late Mr. Percy Pilcher in this country, both of whom were killed by the breaking of their machines. The Wright brothers' first power-driven machine was also the outcome of gliding experiments from the tops of sandhills in Florida, up which the wind was blowing straight from the Atlantic. Numerous other people experimented with gliders at about this period, but none of them ever reached the soaring stage because the machines were inefficient.

Years later, when flying had become fairly common, the Wright brothers again began gliding experiments, and succeeded in making a glider on which Mr. Orville Wright remained soaring in the air for appreciable periods, merely sitting on the top of the up current caused by the sandhill. His longest soaring flight approximated ten minutes.

Before this, however, many interesting experiments in gliders, made to resemble as nearly as possible the form of a bird, were made by the late Mr. José Weiss, at Amberley, near Arundel. Two young men, named Gordon England and Gerald Leak (now an artist in America), piloted these machines and made glides which carried them for several miles into the valley below Amberley Mount; and on occasion, when there was a very strong wind blowing, these machines were actually lifted, after being shot off the hilltop and

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blown upward and backward, till they hovered for some seconds at a considerable height above their starting-point. These may, in fact, be considered the first actual soaring flights, and it is well to remember that they were made by Englishmen.

During the war, gliding practically ceased to exist, and its sudden revival is due entirely to the fact that the Inter-allied Aeronautical Commission prohibited for a long time the manufacture in Germany of aircraft. When the Germans were again permitted to build aeroplanes, they were restricted by rules and regulations of the Commission, which forbade them to build a single-seated aeroplane of more than sixty horse-power, and forbade them to build machines of other types with more than certain horse-power, certain limited height, and so forth. The natural result was that German scientists turned their minds to discovering the most efficient possible form of wings and controls for aeroplanes.

If they were not allowed to fly with engines, they resolved to fly without, during the period of prohibition, so that they might thus discover how to make the most efficient aeroplanes of limited horse-power. Thus it is evident that the foolish policy of the Allies in prohibiting the manufacture of aircraft in Germany has merely forced the Germans to work for efficiency, whereas hitherto their tendency has always been to cram on more and more horse-power and achieve high performance by sheer brute force.

How efficient their gliders have become is shown by the recent wonderful performances in the Rhön Hills. They have now reached the stage where practically no up current is needed to start soaring. A slight fall of ground is sufficient to give the machine its initial impulse; in fact, some of them have started from flat ground merely by being towed along by hand lines, which are let go as soon as the machine leaves the ground.

Apparently actual soaring can only be done in a gusty wind. The process consists in gliding forward and slightly downward till a gust hits the machine, whereupon the pilot, with the skill born of long practice, throws the nose of the machine up slightly and is lifted by the gust. As he feels the gust dying away, he puts the nose of the machine down and gathers forward speed by gliding till he feels another gust hit the machine, when he once more throws the nose up and receives another lift, the motive power being the momentum of the machine gathered on the glide.

In this way, on a favorable day, a skillful soaring pilot, such as Herr Klemperer or Herr Martens or Herr Hentzen, the present record-holder, will lift his machine in a series of steps, consisting of a long flat glide to gather speed and then a jerk upward as the machine lifts on a gust. The limits to the time which a pilot can spend in the air in this way are, first, the physical endurance of the pilot himself, and, secondly, the persistence of a gusty wind of the right type. Obviously if the wind drops, or becomes approximately steady, the only thing the pilot can do is to glide to earth.

Naturally people ask, 'What is the usefulness of these gliding machines?' Obviously they cannot be of actual commercial value themselves, in that they depend entirely on the quality of the wind. Their real usefulness, therefore, consists in permitting aeroplane designers to study precisely the wing forms and body forms of aeroplanes which give the highest efficiency. If a given type of glider is found to be extraordinarily efficient, then it is a fair assumption that a large aeroplane designed on the same lines and fitted with an engine will be more efficient than an

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aeroplane of less efficient type fitted with the same engine.

Apart from that, gliding may become an exciting and comparatively cheap sport for adventurous young men who, as the result of their gliding experience, will naturally become very expert aeroplane-pilots if later they choose to learn to fly on a power-driven machine.

There seems to be no reason why a really clever glider-pilot should not, when a favorable wind is blowing, glide from the top of the cliffs at Dover, when a cross-Channel steamer is leaving the harbor, and cross to France by simply sitting on the top of the air-wave thrown up by the progress of the steamer through the air, just as one sees gulls sitting on the top of those air-waves and keeping pace with the steamer without flapping their wings. This would certainly be an entertaining performance, though actually without commercial value except as a proof of the efficiency of the soaring machine.

VILLAGE LIFE IN BULGARIAN POETRY

BY N. DONTCHEFF

From *L'Écho de Bulgarie, August* 19, 21, 22
(Sofia French-Language Daily)

The place of village life in Bulgarian poetry is an especially interesting subject at this particular time, because the village — which has hitherto remained unaffected by the attention or interest of the intellectual class — is now suddenly increasing in importance and has already won significance as an element in Bulgarian society. Even now the city feels the invigorating influence of the great peasant wave; it is permeated and impregnated with new forces.

What place does the village occupy in Bulgaria's poetry? Because it has remained so isolated, so shut off amid harsh surroundings, the village has attracted the poet soul only by its solitude, by the blue sky that sweeps above it, or by the free open spaces that surround it and are alive in summer with the shrill songs of the women in the harvest fields.

The estrangement between the Bulgarian poet and the village is chiefly due to his overwhelming interest in foreign culture and to his desire to steep himself in fashionable refinements and in the very essence of modern civilized life, which carry him even to the imitation of French and German verse. Being himself unfamiliar with the life of the village, the Bulgarian poet naturally has been able to give us no profound feeling in his efforts at its interpretation. He has failed to waken in us thought and feeling about the village; he has failed to make the village soul live for us — that great and simple soul, treated with so much power and nobility by Alexis Koltzoff, the Russian poet, in his marvelous songs of the muzhik of Russia.

Koltzoff was a great poet of the village, and his simple verses, free from any trace of artifice, have, even in our day, the value of inimitable pearls of

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Russian literature. The Bulgarian poet, on the other hand, still remains a stranger to the village, and to the calm domesticity of the home, which is stamped with the profound resignation of our peasants. We Bulgarians have not yet had our Koltzoff.

Among the writers whom we do have, the one whose work approaches closest to that of the Russian is Tzanko Bakaloff-Tzerkovsky, who, in the delicacy of his motifs and the pastoral harmony of his rustic poetry, recalls the Russian verses of Koltzoff.

Ivan Vazoff, who died a few months ago, is another poet who is sympathetic toward the village. It is with evident joy that he touches on it in his poems, describing its delights and its charm, and giving voice to his admiration of the never-ceasing productive work of those who dwell in it. His poems, 'Fields,' 'Work,' 'Read, Shepherd,' 'To Nature,' and others, are characteristic in this respect. Touched with pantheistic feeling, the poet bows before the toiling peasant and dreams of finding rest in the bosom of Mother Nature, in the village calm, where one hears nothing save the gay murmur of the brook and the bleating of the herds.

Vazoff has given us marvelous pictures of nature and of the customs of the Bulgarian village, though he has not sung the joys and sorrows of the peasant, the woes and losses amid which the peasant soul has grown. In some of his poems, — 'In the Presence of the Workman,' 'The Sower,' 'Let Us Work,' and some others, — the poet has felt the peasant's suffering; has done honor to this figure, so browned and withered by the sun; and has blessed his horny hands. But these are only scattered examples that complete the feeling and the general tone of the village songs.

Indissolubly linked with the life of the village is Tzanko Bakaloff-Tzerkovsky, whom we named above. Born a peasant, Tzerkovsky remains a peasant still in his poems. The culture of the city has left his peasant nature and his inherent talent unaffected. His poetry, simple and without artifice, bears the imprint of no literary school, for in Tzerkovsky's eyes one school alone exists — the school of life.

To this is due the personal character of his poetry, in which we find but a trace of our popular balladry; yet no warmer words have been spoken of the Bulgarian village than those of Tzerkovsky. His songs ring like a revelation, for there is nothing hidden in them and each verse is vivid with the clarity of an emotion that has been lived, an impression that has been experienced. For Tzerkovsky the village is not a mere spring or winter landscape; on the contrary, it becomes something alive, something with an existence of its own, something with a soul characteristic of itself.

Whereas Vazoff gives us nothing but the external beauties of the village, Tzerkovsky depicts for us its inner life. He portrays the scenes in which the peasant soul discloses itself, and he contrives to touch us profoundly by the sight of some joy or some grief in peasant life. His thoughtful, silent glance does not fall merely upon the startling indifferent immensity of the fields, but it pierces also into the houses, and beneath the smoky, tumble-down roof of the poor peasant, to show his suffering, to sing the crushing burden of toil, which, nevertheless, he endures unmurmuring, filled with a great faith in himself. Even the least significant of Tzerkovsky's works portrays the martyrdom, the weariness of the perpetually burdened peasant; and yet in this poetry one may also catch a note of the faith that sustains his soul and gives him joy. This poet, wherever he may find himself, never ceases to live with

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the thought of his village, of its vast fields and fresh valleys, where the shepherd leads his white flocks and with his flute accompanies, sometimes the song of a gay and solitary stream, sometimes the songs of the birds.

Tzerkovsky, who lives with the people themselves and who knows their beliefs, who has listened to their tales and legends, gives us a cycle of verses drawn wholly from folk motifs. These are songs in which the poet can interpret in artistic form the religious and spiritual aspects of village life; but the content of these songs has also a ballad character. The imagination of the poet gives itself free rein in the magic realm of fantastic creation, and the pictures follow one upon another as if in a kaleidoscope.

An important part of Tzerkovsky's poetry is its social element. This is the leitmotif of all his work. The poet never ceases to awaken social feeling in the heart of the Bulgarian peasant. Even though occupied with his fields, he follows social problems and solves them in his own fashion, keeping in mind always the interests and the good of his village.

Such are the essential characteristics of the Bulgarian village and the life that animates it, in the poetic work of Tzanko Tzerkovsky.

Another poet in whose work the village plays a great part — almost the only part, in fact — is Nikolas Vassilivitch Rakitine. So far his work is represented by some collections of verse, among which one cycle, *The Native Village*, is characteristic for our purposes. Nikolas Rakitine is perhaps, after Tzanko Tzerkovsky, the only one of our poets who remains wholly original, without undergoing the influence of any literary modernism. In his short poems the whole soul of the Bulgarian village is alive, and yet Rakitine seems to us more a painter of the village than its poet. He is a naïve artist but a sincere one, who renders the landscapes of life and rustic nature, full of plastic and picturesque sentiment, and in his work one feels involuntarily a charm and an individual transparency of color. But the village songs of Rakitine are stamped with impressionism; they have none of the mental qualities of Tzerkovsky, though they are distinguished for the sentiment, measured, truthful, calm, which the poet grasps as if by instinct.

The village lives in silence, in a resigned reverie, in the calm of the fields that bears with it a charming expansive realm of feeling. The seasons color it with their varying nuances, but it retains its fundamental character. 'The native village' serves the poet as an unfailing spring of inspiration and of poetic musing. The summer's evening draws his regard with its gently fading light, with its setting sun that colors the flowery carpet of the fields, with the merry bells of the herds coming back from pasture. In the winter the village is as beautiful as ever, with its white expanses and solemn silence, which spreads invisible wings above the smoking chimneys.

Rakitine does not remain indifferent to the life of the village. The stubborn industry of the peasant delights him, and in some fine songs he expresses that admiration, celebrating the fruits of labor. Among his best poems I shall mention only 'The Storm,' 'Within,' 'The Plain,' 'The Return,' four faultless poems in which one feels best of all the pulse of rustic life, and in which the great, country-loving soul of a sincere poet of the village finds true expression. In his last collection of verse, *Threads of Gold*, Rakitine remains faithful to his own nature, for in this book once more he shows himself the same enthusiastic singer of country landscapes and the joy that breathes out from them.

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Among other Bulgarian poets, the poetry of Tzaneff-Borina possesses a degree of distinction because of some highly characteristic village songs. He depicts for us rather interesting rural landscapes, but these vast canvases are charged with little feeling and are, from a pictorial standpoint, weak. He has neither the profound thought of Tzerkovsky nor the contemplative soul of Rakitine — and all poetry is dead if it is not illumined by deep feeling.

The great poet of our Bulgarian village, the poet who will seize the peasant soul in all its complexity and will express it in literary works of great compass — that poet has not yet been born. But I believe that he will not long delay his appearance.

MY ADVENTURES WITH THE GOOD AND GREAT

BY R. HENNIKER HEATON

From the *New Statesman, September 2*
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

I WAS born at 29 de Vere Gardens (Browning's house), and I now live in a house on Shooters Hill that Carlyle rented one year. Nevertheless, I do not on this account consider myself an authority on either of these great men. I mention the fact merely as an illustration of a peculiar quality in my subconscious self that leads me in the direction of famous men and women. It must be understood at once that I have neither the inclination nor the mental equipment for their society. 'Four feet on the fender' is, and always has been, my ideal of earthly bliss. I have no talent beyond simple home-making, and, although I have a nice intelligent face, I do not look interesting. To be frank, a certain want of vitality in my make-up gives me, perhaps, a slight touch of dowdiness.

All this may sound very egotistical, but my story requires these preliminary explanations.

Some people seek adventures in foreign parts; others welcome the pangs of spiritual adventures; others enjoy conversational adventures. I belong to none of these groups. I meet the Great in simply homely relationships, and with no effort at all on my part.

The year when Mary Pickford and Doug. were visiting England and disorganizing the traffic was a case in point. I was walking along Piccadilly, inwardly marveling at the crowds waiting to see the world's sweetheart. 'Ah,' I said to myself, 'I shall not wait for Mary; because one day her umbrella will catch in my veil and I shall have a good look at her.' It was just as I was thinking this that Winston Churchill ran full tilt into me. 'There, you see,' I said.

But perhaps my best day was early in the war. I went to the Army and Navy Stores to buy a trunk, and as I got into the lift Lord Kitchener kindly made room for me. After buying the trunk I walked into the book department. I was not able to reach a certain book on the shelves, and was vainly

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stretching up when Lord Fisher came to my rescue.

I could go on endlessly with these adventures, which have ceased to astonish my family — they are of such common occurrence. If I go into a country church to look at the brasses I always find a kind elderly clergyman who helps me to decipher the inscription. He usually turns out to be a high dignitary of the Church, and once he was an Archbishop. Since, however, a certain regrettable occurrence, there is less competition on the part of the clergy to introduce themselves to strange young women, so I suppose I shall only meet obscure curates in my own neighborhood in the future.

Another incident comes to my mind. I was traveling with a friend and I made a feeble little joke. A white-haired man in the carriage overheard it and laughed aloud. His name was Mark Twain. 'Ah!' I thought, 'I have made Mark Twain laugh, but Mark Twain has never made me laugh. This is very interesting.' That night when I returned home I found a bag of bananas had been delivered at my house in mistake, and the address on the bag was that of a Scottish duke. Dukes this time.

Then there was that very charming French lady I sat next to at table for a week when we were traveling to Egypt. Shortly afterward she shot a famous editor, who had written disparagingly of her husband. 'Now I know someone who has committed a murder,' I thought, when I read about it in the papers.

The curious thing is that, apart from celebrities, I know quite a number of people who have some peculiarity that singles them out from the common herd. For instance, one beautiful young woman I know has never in her life possessed a handkerchief, and she tells me that her mother likewise never owned such a thing. I felt this required some elucidation, so I inquired politely: Did they neither of them ever sneeze or sniff or snuffle? But no, they were immune from these sufferings of common humanity. 'I know a girl who has never had an umbrella,' I said; 'she was brought up in California, and only came to England when her character was formed; but I never expected to have a handkerchiefless friend.'

There are other people I come across in buses who tell me strange and new stories and facts, until a ride in a bus has all the charm of distant travel. The other day, when we hung up waiting for the arrival of the Prince of Wales from his world tour, an old man opposite me produced a bag of apples, and taking each one out in turn he shook it and held it to his ear.

I did not say: 'What on earth are you doing that for?' On the contrary, I did not even look interested, but the old man turned to me and said: 'Do you know how to tell if an apple is a Cox's orange pippin? You shake it, and if the pips rattle then you are all right.'

'And are those Cox's orange pippins?' I inquired politely.

'No,' he said, 'this is the wrong time of year for them.'

'Then why,' I began — but no, it hardly seemed worth while, and anyhow the bus showed signs of moving.

Another time, in a post office, I found myself listening to a fragment of a conversation between an elderly woman and the postmaster regarding a parcel she was anxious to weigh.

'Canada?' said the postmaster.

'No, Callendar,' she corrected him.

'What is inside?' he asked.

'A calendar,' she replied.

'The address is n't very clear,' he objected.

'It 's clear enough; Miss Mary Callendar —'

'*What!*'

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Because I could see no chance of this conversation ever ceasing I came away without my shilling's worth of stamps.

Only last month I was nearly run over by the Prime Minister, and a few days later I saw Louis Raemaekers staring into a picture shop where I was having a photo-frame mended. I said to the picture dealer: 'That gentleman is Mr. Louis Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist.' And he said: 'Louis Raemaekers and Louis de Rougemont — those are the two Louis's I always remember — both begin with an *R*.'

On the way home my mind was full of Louis de Rougemont and the strangeness of some people's lives. At tea that afternoon I met a clergyman. He appeared overcome by sleep, and when I sympathetically inquired if he had been overworking he apologized for yawning and told me the following tale.

He had recently suffered from a disease known as 'Clergyman's throat,' and he had gone to a well-known Harley Street specialist. He was told to get up at four o'clock every morning and make his way to the lions' den at the Zoo. There is a particular lion there at present who has the most perfect conception of voice-production. The doctor advised my friend to go to the Zoo and study the muscles of the lion's throat as he was alternately roaring for his food and yawning.

I had some further talk with that clergyman and, among other things, I said that my shoelaces had come undone one day and nearly tripped me up. (This, by the way, is about my conversational level.)

'Oh,' said the vicar, 'when the Queen of Rumania used to lace up my boots —'

'I beg your pardon?' I interrupted.

'When the Queen of Rumania used to do up my boots,' he repeated calmly.

I could not let it remain like that and insisted on some kind of explanation. It was all quite simple. It seems there is a kind of tough grass that grows freely in Rumania and has a habit of catching in bootlaces, so the Rumanians have invented a particular knot that defies the grasses; and it was at a picnic in Rumania that Her Majesty had graciously shown the vicar how the knot was tied, and had even given a practical demonstration.

So here was a man who learns voice-production from lions and bootlacing from a queen.

I know when I have met my equal.

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THE ART OF W. H. HUDSON

BY H. J. MASSINGHAM

[*No English journalist could more fittingly write of the author of* The Purple Land *and* Green Mansions *than Mr. H. J. Massingham, whose articles usually appear under the transparent pseudonym of 'H. J. M.' Mr. Massingham is a lover and student of the wild life of the English countryside, which Hudson loved almost as well as his beloved pampas.*]

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, August* 26
(Liberal Literary and Political Weekly)

I began to grow more and more attracted by the thought of resting in so blessed a spot. To have always about me that wildness which I best loved — the rude, incult heath, the beautiful desolation; to have harsh furze and ling and bramble and bracken to grow on me, and only wild creatures for visitors and company — the little stonechat, the trembling meadow-pipit, the excited whitethroat to sing to me in summer; the deep-burrowing rabbit to bring down his warmth and familiar smell among my bones; the heat-loving adder, rich in color, to find when summer is gone a dry, safe shelter and hibernaculum in my empty skull.

W. H. Hudson wrote this in *Hampshire Days*, a passage only he could have felt or written, a wish that will no more be fulfilled, now that his death has come to pass, than had he piously willed to be buried in Westminster Abbey. A hundred years hence, 1922 will be remembered as the year in which W. H. Hudson died, but our idle and ephemeral-minded generation, lavishly frothing over the glories of a departed merchant of cheap newspapers, lets a man who has directed the evolution of the human mind die with scarce a turn of the head. His few friends mourn him, but the world of men which his genius enriched and but little regarded has paid him in his going with a heedlessness equal to his own.

Hudson used to say to me that he had only enough to live on when he was too old to enjoy it. For nearly the whole of his literary life in England he was as neglected a writer as Jefferies, and with far less excuse, since Hudson is a classic and Jefferies was an artist only on the rare occasions when he was not trying to be one. And contemptible as are the world's valuations of its great men, Hudson certainly went halfway to meet them. I went many times to his cheerless lodgings in Notting Hill, but he was as oblivious of their gloom as of the whole of London, with its salons, clubs, dinner parties, literary fashions, and social life. Few men of letters had even met him, and by scientific or pseudoscientific bodies like the British Ornithological Union he was — there is only one word for it — loathed; and well they might loathe him, for it was his disdain, his eloquence, and his vision which have banished the credit of their lifeless and life-taking pedagogy to Laputa. He died an old man; he was master of a peculiarly delicate, precise, and melodious prose; he was a literary genius who was the best field-naturalist in Britain, and a devotee of natural history who possessed a quite extraordinary knowledge of English, Spanish, and American literature, especially poetry (he introduced me to many an old author I had never heard of); his personality, when you penetrated a

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slight rugosity of crust and skirted his numerous but agreeably salty prejudices, was very gracious and affectionate, if melancholy and a little lacking in humor; all his life he has, except among a tiny minority, been looked upon as a rather inhuman oddity, who wrote well upon a very limited and tributary material.

It is time this fallacy was dispelled, for Hudson's chief title to a posthumous fame will rest upon his capacity to express, in a prose as pellucid as his perception of natural life was clairvoyant, certain powers of mediation and reconciliation, and yet leave an impression of wholeness and continuity, as of a full-grown plant which had flowered and fruited, ripened and cast its seed abroad. The greatest of these powers is, of course, the union between the artist and the naturalist, hardly known before his time; since Gilbert White obviously lacks Hudson's emotional and æsthetic qualities, while to-day the specialist in the observation of facts is as remote as he can be from the specialist in the nuances of esoteric feeling.

'What we see we feel,' he writes in *Nature in Downland*, and the barriers are down, extremes are met, and from this blend is shaped a rare and different substance. He was in the main stream of evolution because he turned a new knowledge, a new truth, a new consciousness of 'the length and breadth and depth of nature,' to æsthetic account on the one hand, and brought his art to the service of the external phenomena of nature on the other. He enables us to see what he feels and feel what he sees, and he saw so unerringly because he felt so keenly, and made so great a naturalist because he was so fine an artist. Knowledge and sensibility — enemies so old as to seem so by nature — made a match of it. And this is partly the reason for the obscurity of Hudson's reputation. The artists were suspicious of him because he was a naturalist, and the orthodox naturalists because he was an artist — the author of the *Naturalist in La Plata*, which Mr. Coward justly ranks with the *Voyage of the Beagle* on its scientific value alone.

Another point of union was the personal with the objective. Hudson writes about birds and flowers and landscape and human beings who grow out of the soil like some diviner plant through his own autobiographical experience, and a style of mingled richness and purity, tranquil grace and sudden raptures, spontaneous freshness and close elegance of form, which is his very own, profoundly individual, free of all borrowings, and yet, for all its discipline, like the unstudied graces of nature. It takes some writing and character to make a human document out of the grass of the field. If art, again, has nothing to do with propaganda, there is no more room for Hudson in the academies of Ida than for Blake, Coleridge, or Shelley. His crusading against the plumage trade, the collector, and other professors of the mortuary was born not of his humane but his artistic feeling. In his greatest book, — *Far Away and Long Ago*, — that Gothic cathedral of memory, he writes: —

> And when I recall those vanished scenes, those rushy and flowery scenes, with their varied and multitudinous wild life, — the cloud of shining wings, the heart-enlivening wild cries, the joy unspeakable it was to me in those early years, — I am glad to think I shall never revisit them, that I shall finish my life thousands of miles removed from them, cherishing to the end in my heart the image of a beauty which has vanished from earth.

It was not the cruelty but the oafishness of men that ground his blade, and his bitterness was precisely what any artist's would be who saw a mob make

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a bonfire of the pictures in the National Gallery.

Some of the best things he wrote are hidden away in tracts and leaflets, and it was not the least of his mediations that he fused the fire and dignity of art, no less than the exactitudes of science, with the barren soil of average 'humanitarianism.' And another enchantment was his power of irrigating his descriptive chronicles of things seen with an intuitive vein of sheer romancing, which, in his lapses, fell away into an obstinate, elfish fantasy. Hudson, of course, was a rare story-teller, — 'El Ombu,' 'An Old Thorn,' 'The Purple Land,' 'A Little Boy Lost,' and even the rather arid Utopian fancy, *A Crystal Age*, are testimony enough, — but what I mean are his embroideries of the most scrupulous natural history with little imaginative tales and fancies and vagaries, which yet throw an oblique light upon its truths, as the fountain-jet of the whitethroat's flight out of his bush puts a sparkle upon the joyance of his song.

But an alliance as potent for artistic good as that of the artist with the naturalist was the perfect continuity between Hudson the primitive and Hudson the modernist. His wild spirit — loving the heath and hating the garden, rejoicing in the adder and indifferent to the dog, a little inhuman, and at home only out of houses — learned with the passage of time not only a strange sweetness and tenderness, but a kind of semireligious philosophy.

Hudson's attitude to nature can never be truly grasped until it is seen to be a refinement of animism. He as good as says so, and his work is crammed with explicit signs of it. In *Far Away and Long Ago* God did not appear to child Hudson in a blue column as he describes, but color was manifested to him as a spirit.

Of the Sussex Downs he writes: —

> That modern poet's vision of a Titanic woman reclined in everlasting slumber on the earth, her loose, sweet-smelling hair lying like an old-world forest over leagues of ground; the poet himself sitting forever, immersed in melancholy, in the shadow of her great head . . . returns to the mind with a new light, a strange grandeur . . . a reminder that we ourselves are anthropomorphic and mythopœic, even as our earliest progenitors were, who were earth-worshipers in an immeasurably remote past, before the heavenly powers existed.

To Hudson, Nature was ever a mystery because she *lived;* and that identity of boy and man, which made the otherwise incredible feat of memory of *Far Away and Long Ago* a natural and easy telepathy, developed out of cruder animistic visitations a reverence for, a knowledge of, and a passing into, the spirit of life which make his feeling so beautiful and so modern, and of his prose a poetry in all but rime and metre. 'For we are no longer isolated, standing like starry visitors on a mountain-top, surveying life from the outside; but are on a level with and part and parcel of it; and if the mystery of life daily deepens, it is because we view it more closely and with clearer vision.'

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LORD JESUS AND THE HIGHWAYMEN

BY K. P. TETMAJER

[*The following typical peasant-story is taken from a collection of short tales entitled* Na Skalnem Podhalu, *published at Warsaw in* 1920.]

ONCE upon a time, Lord Jesus walked with Saint Peter through a wild forest — it was somewhere in our mountains, near Liptó or elsewhere — and suddenly they met a band of highwaymen.

'Praise be to the Almighty,' Lord Jesus said in the way of greeting, and took off his hat.

'Forever and ever. Amen,' answered the chief of the robbers; and then he asked, 'Where are you going?'

Lord Jesus wanted to answer, but Saint Peter got ahead of him and said, 'We are out for alms.'

Of course, they were not out for alms. But Saint Peter, being from a poor family, was in the habit of always looking out for anything that was to be had, in spite of being a Saint. And he noticed the big knapsacks that the robbers were carrying.

The chief of highwaymen looked them over carefully and said, 'Come along with us.' Then, turning to his comrades, he said: 'The old man might be good at carrying sacks and hewing wood, and that young one may look after the fire and take care of the meals. Well,' he asked them, 'are you coming?'

Saint Peter then understood that the people were highwaymen, because they had arms and guns; and it certainly was unseemly for a Saint to be journeying with robbers — much less in the company of Lord Jesus. He began to scratch his head behind the ears, being quite uncertain what he was to do. But he did not scratch long, for he was afraid of the robbers, and he looked at Jesus as if to ask: What next?

But Lord Jesus nodded his head and said: 'All right.'

Saint Peter was greatly astonished, but he did not dare to contradict. First of all, he was afraid of the robbers, and then he owed obedience to his Lord. He was at once given a heavy sack to carry on his back, while Lord Jesus only got a small sack of bread to take care of; for the highwaymen had a far journey and did not have many provisions left.

So they walked on and on, until it became too hot to travel. The robbers lay down and slept.

'Let 's flee now,' Saint Peter said to Jesus, 'because we 'll get into trouble yet, if we stay with them!'

But Lord Jesus said, 'No.'

The robbers woke up and the journey continued. However, toward evening food got short, because Lord Jesus had to eat something, too, and as for Saint Peter — he would never go hungry just because there was n't enough food for all. Of the robbers there were three, and so all five felt keen pangs of hunger.

All of a sudden they noticed a very old man lying under a tree.

'What is the matter with you?' the chief asked the old man.

'I 'm starving,' he answered. And the chief of the highwaymen gave him his last piece of bread, which he was keeping for himself.

After a while, as they were walking through a meadow, a heavy rain and hail started and it became very cold. Presently they saw a small child crying

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in the grass. One of the robbers asked the child why he was crying, and received the answer: 'I'm very cold.'

The robber thereupon put his coat around the child and went on, shivering in his shirt. Somewhat farther on they saw a house on fire and children weeping bitterly and crying: 'Mother! Mother!'

The third robber went into the house and carried out the mother of the children, although the fire was so violent that his hair was all burned off.

At nightfall they came to an inn and walked in to stay overnight. But the innkeeper recognized the highwaymen and at once sent after the sheriff. In the twinkling of an eye the sheriff was there with his men, and the robbers were tied hand and foot, as well as Lord Jesus and Saint Peter. Then they locked them up for the night and left them.

Saint Peter began to cry.

'Didn't I tell thee, Lord,' he whispered to Lord Jesus, 'that we should soon get into trouble if we kept company with those scoundrels? Now here we are. What are we going to do?'

But Lord Jesus answered nothing and only wrote with his finger upon the sand.

The following day the sheriff came after his prisoners and took them to the courthouse. Gendarmes and Hungarian guards surrounded them on all sides and led them into the courtroom, where three judges were sitting.

'Did you steal?' one of the judges asked the robbers.

'Yes, we did.'

'Did you burn houses?' the other one asked.

'Yes, we did.'

'Did you murder?' the third one queried.

'Yes, we did.'

They did not bother Lord Jesus and Saint Peter with questions, as the robbers had declared beforehand that they were only traveling companions and were forced to come along with them.

'What shall we do to them?' the first judge asked the others.

'Death unto them!' answered the second, without thinking a minute. And the third judge, upon being asked his opinion, said the same thing.

'The three of you will hang,' the oldest judge said to the highwaymen. 'And you can go home,' he said, turning to Lord Jesus and Saint Peter.

Saint Peter quickly jumped to his feet and was ready to go; but Lord Jesus remained seated and wrote with his finger upon the floor.

'What dost thou write?' the oldest judge asked him. No one had recognized the Lord.

'I am writing your sentence,' Lord Jesus answered.

'How can that be?' the judges asked in great surprise. 'Our sentence! Written with a finger upon the floor!'

But Lord Jesus nodded his head and asked the judges: 'What did you do yesterday?'

All three of them became deadly pale, and Lord Jesus continued: 'Thou hast driven away from your door a starving man. And thou hast beaten a small child. And thou hast driven thine own mother from the house.'

All were silent.

'Let us go from here,' Lord Jesus said to Saint Peter. A bright halo began to burn over His head and the robbers were the first ones to recognize Him. They fell to their knees and begged for His blessing; and as soon as the Lord made the sign of the cross over their heads, they turned into three apple trees. The three judges, however, were driven out of the village by the people.

Thus things happened in those times. But now we have no highwaymen in our forests, neither does the Lord Jesus walk upon the earth.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE HAUNTED FIELD

BY G. M. HORT

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Of the long field, by the wood-end,
There's no legend told;
Just a quiet place, and a strange place,
From times middlin' old.
In my raw years and my ripe years
I've come and gone there,
And have seen naught and have heard naught
Of ghosts, foul or fair.

In the long field, in the owl-light,
The young lovers stray;
By the wood-end, in the sunlight,
The small children play.
When their love's made, or their game's played,
Mouse-quiet, home they'll steal.
They've seen naught, and they've heard naught;
But, maybe, they *feel!*

In the long field, in the old days,
'T would seem, deeds were done
That can't rest in the earth's breast,
Nor yet face the sun.
There's no shape and there's no voice
That *some* ghosts dare show —
We see naught, and we hear naught,
But, deep-down, we know.

A FORCED MUSIC

BY ROBERT GRAVES

[*Spectator*]

Of Love he sang, full-hearted one,
But when the song was done
The King demanded more,
Ay, and commanded more.
The boy found nothing for encore,
Words, melodies — none,
Ashamed the song's glad rise and plaintive fall
Had so charmed King and Queen and all.

He sang the same verse once again
But urging less Love's pain,
With altered time and key
He showed variety,
Seemed to refresh the harmony
Of his only strain,
So still the glad rise and the plaintive fall
Could charm the King, the Queen, and all.

He of his song then wearying ceased
But was not yet released:
The Queen's request was, 'More.'
And her behest was 'More.'
He played of random notes some score,
He found his rimes at least,
Then suddenly let his twangling harp down fall
And fled in tears from King and Queen and all.

ASCENSION

BY RICHARD CHURCH

[*Saturday Review*]

He has dug his ground
And gathered the weeds together,
Piled the roots in a mound,
Cleaned blade and leather,
Lit his pipe, kindled
The waste — and gone.
The blue sky has dwindled,
Shrinking after the sun.
The bird-song, dying, dying,
Falters from day into night,
And the homing wings are flying
To woods whose noonday height
Is changed by the western light.
The mighty trees ascend;
Scents float from the soil;
Tired laborers unbend
And go up from their toil.
Distant, sleep-born cries,
Night-signals, rise,
The moon rides up from the hill,
Floods forest and mound,
And falls on that smoke-thread, still
As a lonely spear in the ground.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE EARMARKS OF AN AMERICAN

An American who masks his identity beneath the suspicious pseudonym of 'Amerikanski' maintains in the *Manchester Guardian* the thesis that, while the leopard may change his spots a dozen times a day and the Ethiopian may consult a dermatologist with every chance of success, no native of these United States can ever, anywhere, in any way, pass for anything but what he is. You can always, to use an American phrase, 'spot' an American — which will probably not worry many of them greatly.

How? Why? It is partly a mystery, but not altogether. Our traveler has suspicions of his own. He says: —

I have been startled again and again since I came to England by the readiness with which I have been recognized as an American — sometimes, in spite of what an English tailor and an English barber have done to me, before I opened my mouth to speak. Something distinctively American has triumphed over the peculiarities of Slav, Italian, and Greek. We are glad when young men who come to us from Europe discard their old collars, buy new suits with a different cut, and begin to look American. But my own experience has led me to think that you identify us by something more intimate than this.

Mr. H. G. Wells says that our women have soft cheek-bones like 'Amerindians.' Can it be that we men also achieve Amerindianity? I like the idea, and what a blessed word it gives us! It is true that as far as our port and presence are concerned there are two distinct groups of us. The long, lean Uncle Sam type still abounds, but he is for the most part far from the haunts of such Europeans as visit us. He is almost extinct in New England, his old home. In the great agricultural States bordering on the Mississippi, east and west, there are myriads of him scattered about. Six feet or more he is, lean, sinewy. He is, I think, the old Anglo-Saxon type. But his cheek-bones — I remember it now — are, in this generation, Amerindian.

But there is another type of American, on the whole shorter than our Uncle Sam. Members of this second group are plump and pleasing. They are wideawake, too, and very cheerful. Their smooth, tanned cheeks and ample though not excessive girth suggest peace, prosperity, and good food. They are to be found especially at Rotary Club luncheons, at political conventions, and in the offices of Big Business, but they are as ubiquitous as sparrows. They are not all business men. Some are laborers striking for their hire. Others are doctors, lawyers, ministers, or even professors. They are a hybrid race, a mingling of the races of Continental Europe. But, again, they have — I remember it now — the soft cheek-bones of the Amerindian.

Further reflection has convinced me that our Amerindianity appeals to the ear as well as to the eye. The Indian had not only a war whoop but several other whoops. He could lift up his voice, and he loved to do it. The climate made him so, and now it is having its way with his successors. We Americans always yell when we are excited or when we wish to be. I have attended some big football-matches over here, and the comparative stillness of the enormous crowds has amazed me. At most they give utterance to a mild, hoarse roar. At our baseball games pandemonium breaks loose at the beginning and stays loose until the game is over.

This manifestation of Americanism begins in our early youth. It is even said that we land on the planet with a yell. An English friend of mine heard his two small daughters shrieking with all their might. He rushed madly to the scene of the disaster, only to find them calm and serene. They had recently been playing with some American children who were living near, and they explained to their astonished parent that

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they had just been pretending they were little Americans.

Our nasal drawl may be due to our life-long habit of yelling. Your English voices sound throaty to us. You clip your words and make staccato noises. If you practised yelling, either your voices would be ruined or else they would be placed out of your throats; and you could not be staccato. In other words, you would develop a nasal drawl. We do not wish to show any feeling of superiority at all. Our powers are the result of the climate. They are Amerindianity. We yell as doth the wild cat yell; we yell only because we must.

I shall go back to America much less concerned than I was over the problem of assimilating the immigrant. Nature made the Amerindian, and she will not rest until we, diverse as we are in origin, conform to the type she has fixed on for America. Already our cheek-bones and our voices show that we are blood brothers.

✻

'USEFUL WOMEN'

SUCH is the defiant name chosen by an organization of Englishwomen, and hurled in the teeth of the journalists who since the war have written columns about the 'problem of the surplus woman.' This society, which describes itself in an advertisement in the *London Mercury* as 'being a league of efficient gentlewomen,' justifies its name by the imposing list of services it offers. These are the activities of the 'Useful Women': —

> Auctions attended. Antiques bought, sold, or valued. Bric-a-brac, objects of virtu, etc., sold on commission. Books reported. Bookplates supplied. Libraries catalogued. Indexing and filing. Letters written. Secretarial work. Typing and shorthand.
>
> Dinner speeches prepared. Elocution lessons given. Public speakers provided. Reading aloud.
>
> Emergency guests for dinners, parties, etc., provided. Paying guests introduced. Motor cars provided and driven by competent chauffeuses. Lonely persons visited and entertained. Hotel accommodation arranged.
>
> Mending for bachelors. Trousseaux chosen.

And finally the 'Useful Women' add a line to indicate their willingness to undertake 'any duty that it is possible to carry out.' The head office of these versatile ladies is at 48 Dover Street, London W 1.

✻

'TOMFOOL'S' IDENTITY

'TOMFOOL' is the anonymous humorist who brightens the editorial page of the London *Daily Herald*—a page even more in need of brightening than most editorial pages, for the *Herald* is the organ of the most radical school of English Labor, and its articles deal chiefly with the virtuous activities of the gentlemen in Moscow, the sins of the capitalist, the iniquity of the modern social order, and flaming prophecies of the revolutionary wrath to come.

Naturally there has been a good deal of curiosity as to the identity of the anonymous humorist, and a little while ago a reader tried to bribe 'Tomfool' to reveal himself. The bribe took the form of a shilling bearing the date 1821. But 'Tomfool' calmly pocketed the shilling and — remained anonymous. To the reader's plea, 'Do tell us who you are,' he replies with some verses which offer various fantastic suggestions.

Those who know the *Morning Post* well enough to realize its extreme and uncompromising conservatism will comprehend the hilarious impossibility of any of its writers contributing so much as a comma to the *Daily Herald*. As for Mrs. Asquith and the 'Gloomy Dean' (whose name, by the way, is here correctly rimed with 'bring,' and not with 'fringe,' as is usual in America), the one would n't contribute to any journal that pays as little as the *Herald*, and

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the other — or so 'Tomfool' unkindly intimates — could n't possibly be cheerful enough.

These are the verses: —

Dear Reader, whether Sir or Ma'am,
Who sends to me an ancient shilling
And asks me who I really am —
To tell the truth I am not willing!

For it would be a shock, you see,
One morning to the *Herald* readers,
If I the Person proved to be
Who writes the *Morning Post's* chief leaders.

What if you found — should I reveal
The facts — I wear my folly's mask with
Intent the features to conceal
Of Little Tich, or Mrs. Asquith?

Oh! press me not! How *can* I bring
Myself to own, while jesting gayly,
In private life I am Dean Inge,
Who for your sakes makes merry daily?

No, Reader, no! The light I shun —
But thank you for that shilling kindly
Bearing the date One-Eight-Two-One.
And if you gaze behind you blindly

Through the dark years, and tell me who
He was that first possessed this shilling —
Who owns it now, to tell to you
I'll then, and not till then, be willing!

✽

MR. WELLS'S NEW HISTORY

THE habit of writing history is growing on Mr. H. G. Wells. Not content with tinkering at the *Outline of History*, patching up a bad spot here, slipping in a rivet there, a fact at another place, a nail at still another spot, and a new date somewhere else, — as well as replying vigorously to some of his critics, — he has launched forth in another book.

The new history is announced by the English publishers, Messrs. Cassell. Mr. Wells himself describes it as 'an account of our present knowledge of history shorn of elaborations and complications' — which sounds very much like a reduced form of the *Outline*. The title is to be *A Short History of Mankind*. The book will run to about 460 pages and there will be some 200 illustrations.

✽

ANOTHER COLOR-SYMPHONY

THE old question of the relation of color and sound is raised anew by the English composer, Mr. Arthur Bliss, who has given the movements of his new symphony color-titles as well as the conventional tempo-markings. The first movement is purple, the scherzo is red, the third movement is blue, and the fourth is green. Mr. Bliss's own explanation is that 'this title and the subtitles for the four movements are given solely as hints for the various moods of the music.' An English critic describes the last movement as 'an overwhelming double fugue with a flashing opening subject which, with each entry, gives a new impetus to the movement.'

The new work was played for the first time in Gloucester Cathedral on September 7, with the composer as conductor.

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PILLS FOR LIONS

A LONDON veterinary surgeon, who since 1870 has specialized in the treatment of menagerie animals, gives an account of his experiences in the *Westminster Gazette*. Alligators, lions, elephants, camels, zebras, bears, hippopotamuses — such are his patients. Fancy what the doctor's consulting room must look like!

Here is his own account of some of his adventures: —

Lions and tigers are not at all alarming to treat. They are subject to most of the diseases of big cats, and you treat them like big cats. You give them pills or medicine in meat or in a saucerful of warm blood. Mules and zebras are the most difficult; they make up their minds to die, and usually they

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do. Camels are treacherous; they can hit you with the force of a sandbag, and bite. The alligator is not a bad chap — but you have to watch his tail and possibly muzzle him. There was one who had an argument with a friend and got bitten in the side, but we stitched him up; he was the best patient I ever had. A cow with her calf may be as dangerous as any.

Curiously enough, I had my narrowest escape with a dead horse. The owner had asked me to remove a hoof. As soon as I got to the nerve it set up a reflex kick which nearly sent me spinning.

The job I least like is chloroforming a dying monkey. It is so pathetically human at these times. Its eyes get that sunken look, and it seems to know all is up. Another unpleasant business is taking out a dog's teeth, for he never forgives you. The great thing in treating animals is to let them know that you do not fear them. An acute process of thought-reading is going on between the two of you, and you must know the knack of getting at once into a sure position. Children can deal with practically all animals better than grown-ups; there is more confidence, less suspicion.

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THE WORST BLANK VERSE

On the literary page of the London *Times*, Mr. John Middleton Murry speculates publicly as to the ultimate limits of the badness of blank verse. Not all blank verse, be it understood, nor even all bad blank verse, but only blank verse so bad that the blank would have to be a line followed by an exclamation point, adequately to express it. He even produces samples, and describes a melancholy gathering when all those present ransacked the tombs of memory — which might better have been left decently sealed — to discover the very worst line ever written.

His two examples assuredly are sufficiently abominable in quality: —

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman,

was, of course, exhibited. That is not a very bad line, really. It is hopelessly prosaic, no doubt, but badness in poetry is a positive quality; it is not the absence of something that ought to be there, but the presence of something that ought not to be. Bad poetry is not so much prosaic as hyperpoetical. The lines we remembered were, like Wordsworth's, neutral rather than bad, and we were dissatisfied with them. Suddenly a silent member of the company said that the worst line of blank verse he had ever read was

The mystic sweetness of a garden wet.

It was, he said, by Stephen Phillips. The competition was ended.

It might be worth while to analyze the positive badness of that line. Even 'the mystic sweetness of a wet garden,' for all the forcing of accent, would be better. But it would be hopelessly bad. 'Mystic sweetness' is an impossible phrase; we might even go so far as to say that 'mystic' is an impossible epithet in poetry at all times. At the best it is a cheap conjuring trick. In Stephen Phillips's line it is only a would-be impressive synonym for 'mysterious' or 'strange.' 'The strange sweetness of a wet garden' might pass muster in prose: changed into that blank verse it is made emptily pompous by 'mystic,' and the rhythm is murdered by the inversion, 'a garden wet.' But the explanation explains nothing. There is an enormity in that line which cannot be analyzed into its elements: there is, in fact, a 'mystic badness' about it.

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The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century, by General N. Golovin, in collaboration with Admiral A. D. Bubnov. Translated by Constantine Nabokoff. With a Preface by Harold Williams. Six Maps. London: Gyldendal, 1922. 10*s.* 6*d.*

[A. J. Dawson in the *Bookman*]

FROM the standpoint of the most industrious supporters of the circulating libraries, the publication of this work is not, perhaps, a matter of absorbing interest; but one apprehends that it will be pretty closely studied by politicians and statesmen and diplomats, especially in the United States, Japan, Russia, China, Australasia, the Philippines; in London, Paris, and, *natürlich,* in Berlin. It certainly ought to be so studied. The book is really extremely valuable: not alone because the subject is one of vital moment, having the most direct sort of bearing upon the immediate future of civilization and the world's peace; not alone because its author — the three naval chapters contributed by Admiral Bubnov form a very serviceable addition to his work — has possessed himself of a possibly unique mass of first-hand knowledge of his theme during the past twenty crucial years; but, and perhaps primarily, because it is a lucid, emotionless, and excellently professional piece of work, as void of prejudice and as free from special pleading as any such writing well could be.

The factors which give crucial importance for civilization to the twentieth-century problem of the Pacific are far too numerous and complex even for mere mention in this place; but readers may be reminded that they include the possibilities of war between Japan and the United States, the material and political future of China, — and possibly of Australasia, — the rehabilitation of Russia, the immediate destiny of the Philippines, and, in the view of some hundreds of thousands of highly intelligent and keen people, the whole future of the Japanese race and nation. It is estimated that during the present century, and possibly during the coming half-century, the Japanese population will double itself. The Japanese Archipelago certainly cannot maintain such an increase. Where are the surplus tens of millions to be accommodated? (In considering the question it is well to have a Mercator's Projection at hand.) The Washington Conference has serviceably defined the outlines of the Pacific problem. Has it accomplished any more than that?

The author of this book clearly holds that no amount of conferring would remove the material factors now making for ultimate war, and that unless they are removed by the nations concerned — and chief among them is the matter of Japanese migration — the only possible form of insurance against war is reversion to the old policy of the Balance of Power. The United States must sincerely strive for the regeneration of China and Russia, he holds, if anything approaching a strategical balance is to be restored; it being held (*a*) that the World War left Japan mistress of the Far East, and (*b*) that the United States alone could not defeat Japan.

Argonauts of the Western Pacific, by Bronislaw Malinowski. London: Routledge, 1922. 21*s.*

[*Saturday Review*]

LIKE William Mariner and Herman Melville, but with a far more adequate scientific equipment, Dr. Malinowski has lived among the natives of the South Sea Islands as one of themselves, and the first fruits of his researches are given in this extremely valuable and interesting volume. Sir James G. Frazer, the doyen of British anthropologists, gives high praise in his preface to this 'remarkable record of anthropological research,' and the praise of Sir James Frazer is like that of Sir Hubert Stanley. Dr. Malinowski selected the Trobriand Islands, to the east of New Guinea, for the scene of his investigation, in which he was largely assisted by the well-known liberality of Mr. Robert Mond. In that little-known archipelago, as Sir James Frazer points out, he 'lived as a native among the natives for many months together, watching them daily at work and at play, conversing with them in their own tongue, and deriving all his information from the surest sources — personal observation and statements made to him directly by the natives in their own language without the intervention of an interpreter.' This is the only sure way in which to get to understand a primitive — or indeed any — race of mankind. The ethnographer has to cut himself off from the company of other white men and live among the natives as one of themselves, if he wishes really to understand their way of regarding life — which is, after all, the fundamental problem of ethnography.

'It must be remembered,' says Dr. Malinowski, 'that, as the natives saw me constantly every day, they ceased to be interested or alarmed, or made self-conscious by my presence, and I ceased to be a disturbing element in the tribal life which I was to study, altering it by my very approach, as always happens with a newcomer to every savage community. In fact, as they knew that I would thrust my nose into everything, even where a well-mannered native would not dream of intruding, they finished by regarding me as part and parcel of their life, a necessary evil or nuisance, mitigated by donations of tobacco.'

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Amid Snowy Wastes, by Seton Gordon, F. Z. S. London: Cassell, 1922. 15*s.*

[*Morning Post*]

MR. SETON GORDON, whose keen powers of observation and picturesque style are well known, is chiefly interested in the wild life of the islands, — especially of West Spitzbergen, which has an area of 15,000 square miles, — and it is hard to say which are the more fascinating, his admirable photographs or the word-pictures which decorate every page. Such chapters as those on 'The Summer Home of the Barnacle Goose' and 'The Gray Phalarope' add much to our scientific knowledge of two fascinating creatures, the first of which was the subject of a very ancient legend or travelers' tale, while the second is particularly interesting, apart from its peculiar grace as the only wader that habitually swims, because the courting is done by the hen. The place would be bleak and desolate but for the stir of bird-life; for the walrus is virtually extinct there, owing to the ruthless massacres of the past, and the dwarfed vegetation, with its miniature blossoms, serves merely to cast a scanty veil over the bones of the wilderness. Still, Spitzbergen has an unforgetable fascination for the visitor, because of its wild serenity and aloofness from the unrest of civilization so-called. The undying snow caresses the eye, being a faint primrose color in sunlight, or, when the sky is overcast, a wondrously soft pearly gray; and it is a strangely healthful and exhilarating experience to live, waking or sleeping, in a summer of continuous sunshine. Spitzbergen may yet become a sanatorium for those in search of an unbroken rest-cure.

Papauté et Chrétienté sous Benoît XV, by Georges Goyau. Paris: Libraries Stock, 1922. 7*fr.*

[*La Revue Universelle*]

[*M. Goyau was elected to the French Academy last June. A historian of distinction, whose writings number more than forty volumes, he has paid especial attention to Church History, for, as a writer in* France-États-Unis *recently remarked, modern Rome interested him still more than ancient Rome. He was a friend of Pope Leo XIII.*]

THE renewal of religious life brought about by the war is examined in this book under its most divergent aspects. The chapter on 'The Church and the Churches' is of especial interest. One sees here how the agonizing struggle for unity has never ceased in a world divided by schisms. M. Georges Goyau brings the most conscientious examination to the new tendencies of Anglicanism and the separate Churches of the East, disturbed by the effects of the Russian Revolution, the while he sturdily guards himself from illusions. He always distinguishes between internationalism and the Christian idea. His book ends with a magnificent eulogy of Pius XI, whose elevation to the Sovereign Pontificate 'assures a glorious revival of the great intellectual traditions and of the prestige of the act of thought itself.'

The Subconscious Courtship, by Berta Ruck. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Telegraph*]

IT is the fashion in certain literary circles to disparage any book that sells over 3000 copies, and to attribute its success to its faults rather than its qualities. A novelist under fifty whose work is popular might, as far as the high-brows are concerned, abandon his craft altogether. His productions will be either ignored, dismissed in a phrase, or employed as a hatrack for the aphorisms of an arriviste. We are prepared, for example, to doubt whether Miss Berta Ruck's new novel, *The Subconscious Courtship*, will receive any serious critical attention; yet we have no hesitation whatsoever in stating that it is a great deal better book than the majority of those that receive a couple of columns of adulation plastered with references to 'subjective reality,' 'cosmic inhibitions,' and the 'messiah complex.'

Miss Ruck is a writer with genuine qualities; she does extremely well what she sets out to do. In *The Subconscious Courtship* Clover Elphinstone, whose husband died a quarter of an hour after the marriage ceremony, leaving her in sole charge of his business, finds herself, as a young, rich, and attractive widow, beset by suitors. The persistence of these suitors interferes with her work. She decides, therefore, to ensure her peace of mind by taking to herself a husband who shall be a husband in name only, but whose presence will be a warning to interlopers. She decides to select Harry Carmichael. She selects him, not only because as a prisoner of war he made a sensational escape from captivity, but because he is as uninterested in women as she is in men, and because he has completed an invention that he is extremely anxious to place upon the market, and she knows that as her husband and with her influence he will stand an excellent chance of realizing his ambition. Carmichael accepts her proposition for the sake of his invention, though he hates her for having made the offer as much as he hates himself for having accepted it. *The Subconscious Courtship* is the story of how that hatred gradually, without his knowing it, was turned to love.

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BOOKS MENTIONED

AHMED DJEMAL PASHA. Erinnerungen eines turkischen Staatsmannes. Mit zwei Karten. Munich: Drei-Masken-Verlag. [English edition announced by George H. Doran, N. Y.]

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The Notion-Counter: A Farrago of Foibles

***Being Notes About Nothing, by* NOBODY**

***Illustrated by* SOMEBODY** ***Dedicated to* EVERYBODY**

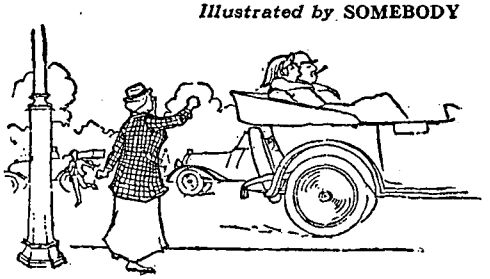

Illustration from 'Parables in Motors'

READERS of the Contributors' Club who delighted in the drolleries revealed in 'My Wife's Check-Book,' 'My Wife's Address-Book,' 'On Dyeing,' etc., will be glad to hear they are now obtainable in book form, together with many more gay little chapters about present-day folks and conditions. 'Shell-Shock in a Shoeshop,' 'My Wife's "Telaphib" List,' 'Parables in Motors,' 'Reel-Life,' and other familiar subjects are discoursed upon with merry wit and philosophy.

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